



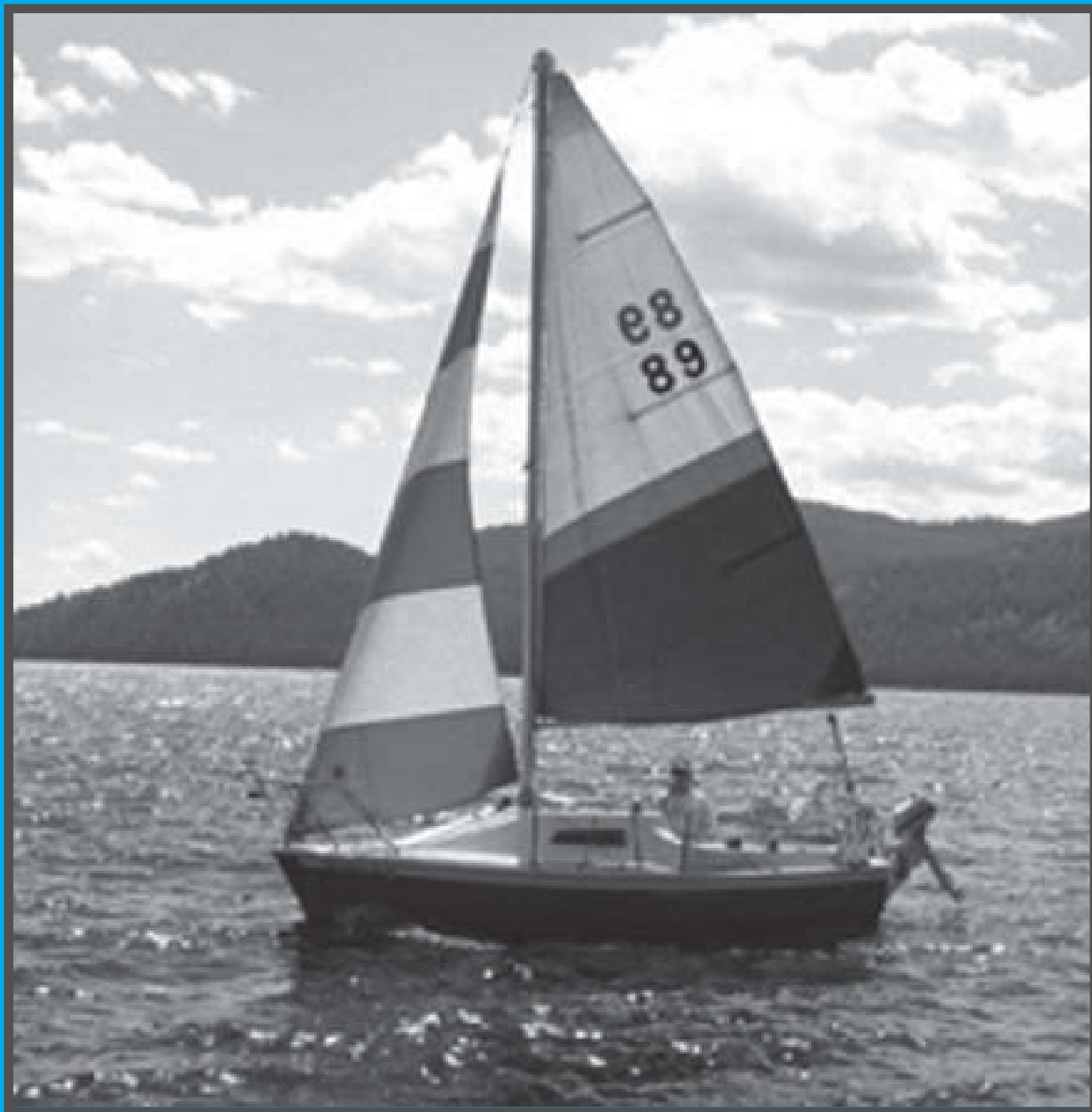
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about in

BOATS

Volume 28 – Number 5

September 2010

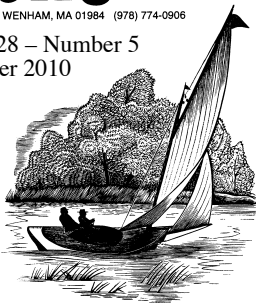
Special Features This Issue
“From Scotland to England in a Kayak”
“Midsummer Cruise” – “The Saga of *Summer Wind*”
“To Build, Launch and Cruise a Canal Boat”
“I’m Going to Die!” – “Baidarkas”



messing about in BOATS

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September 2010



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There is no machine
Editor and Publisher: Bob Hicks
Magazine production: Roberta Freeman
For subscription or circulation inquiries or
problems, contact:

Jane Hicks at
maib.office@gmail.com

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



The internet is increasingly entering into the production of this magazine and in dealing with this I have come to notice certain aspects of it and now contemplate how our ongoing little black and white printed magazine can co-exist with it. These thoughts came into the forefront in my mind when putting together the August issue in June. I used a LOT of photos from internet sources in that issue and, of course, online they were in living color but when I reproduced them for publication they were in black and white.

Color is not an option for us. While color is now much less costly to use in print media than in bygone days due to computer technology, it still would increase our printing bill way beyond our resources. With just about 3,000 subscribers and a modest amount of advertising we're locked into black and white. I have no problem with this but perhaps it does inhibit the attracting of new subscribers.

Atlantic Coastal Kayaker, which we helped owner/editor/publisher Tamsin Venn start up 18 years ago, has been publishing 40 page full color issues in recent years, made possible by many major full color advertisers. But when the financial meltdown came along and sea kayak sales cratered, all those ads went away and it was no longer going to be possible to carry on in full color. As an experiment Tamsin ceased publishing a print version altogether for the summer months, going 100% on line with all its glorious color. It remains to be seen what the subscriber reaction to this option will be. This will not be an experiment we will be undertaking, it's either going to be print (with an online option we do offer, in black and white as in the original) or nothing.

Back to that August issue, here's how the internet contributed:

"5th Annual Florida Gulf Coast Small Craft Festival" photos and report came from an email from area boat builder Dave Lucas. I don't know how many receive Dave's emails but likely not too many of you.

"Cedar Key Small Boat Meet" came from Ron Hoddinott's Florida West Coast

Trailer Sailors website, a really nicely presented "album" display. Ron backed it up with a CD to get me best photo resolution. I included the URL you could go to in order to see it yourself in living color. I doubt if many of you would have known about the URL otherwise.

The "Ain't It Grand" Grand Canyon adventure came as an email from Steve Axon. I have no idea how far his email outreach is but certainly, again, not to many of you.

"Boat Building with Harold Burnham" came off Harold's website which he alerts me to from time to time. I do not surf the web looking for websites that might be of interest to pass on to you. Were you specifically interested in Harold's work you'd have found him OK, but if not, how would you come to know about him?

"News from the Rockland Apprenticeship" was extracted from their website, they are a regular advertiser and I am pleased to bring you those portions of their internet newsletter that are of general interest.

The main thought that this brought to my mind was how would you have known about these internet items that I thought would be of sufficient interest to you for me to publish in *MAIB*? The way I understand it you can find just about anything by Googling it, but you have to know about what to look for in order to do so. When these items appear on our pages, and I can include an internet source, you can go to it for more (or for color).

The majority of our content is still your stories in all their wonderful (to me) variety. They are unlikely to be found on the internet unless you have them on a blogspot or on Facebook or whatever else is out there to be utilized for telling your tale. Again, though, who would be likely to see them who has the interest our readers do? I think that the 3,000 small boat enthusiasts reading our pages each month form a "focus group" worthy of informing about what you are doing messing about in boats. If using the internet to supplement these with features of interest enhances what we offer I surely will be so doing.

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On the Cover...

Dan Rogers has been chronicling his "voyage of discovery" trailer boating across the western states for a number of issues now in his "You Have to Put Your Hand in the Water" series and now, at last, we have a picture of him actually sailing his *Lady Bug* to run on the cover. Dan discovered that his adventure involved a lot more driving and a lot less sailing than he had envisioned.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

Point Judith Pond

Hanging on my hook in Point Judith Pond and taking an idle day. Idle for me. It's 10 in the still, still morning and I just returned from rowing two or three miles round the islands. Some of the lesser ones are undeveloped. A few have solitary cottages tucked amid the trees. Others have causeways to the mainland and are thick with summer houses.

When I slid back the hatch and poked out my nose at half past six, I startled a great blue heron perched on my Whitehall. Fortunately, my oars were secured or there's no telling where she might have gone off rowing. I was glad to see she'd controlled herself, as I haven't a shovel aboard.

Rowed across to Ram Island, which has but one cottage on it, and discovered a likely cul-de-sac half hidden in the grasses. Flushed a little blue heron; another great blue heron posed as a branch, halfway up a dead maple. Put my oars into reverse and made my way out. The next island to the north, Foddering Place, is much larger and thick with houses. Dozens of boats were moored in front but no one was messing about. Passed between the two islands and rowed down the backside of Ram. The scrubby shore supports mallow, viburnum and stands of plummy grasses. An osprey wheeled above the pond; an angry kingfisher drove a rival out of his territory.

Rounding the bottom of Ram Island, I passed the head of Great Island, which poses as part of the mainland. Year-round houses crowd the gravelly shore. In the center of the pond, a middle-aged woman was teaching herself to sail in a pram. The force one breeze drove her tiny sailboat at two knots. When I overtook her, we talked a bit about sailing.

"Harbor of Refuge gets rough at times," she informed me. "And the wakes that some of those big boats throw are scary. The trawlers and ferries are constantly on the go. I'm satisfied to stay right here where it's pleasant."

I continued pulling up the pond, passed *MoonWind* dreaming languidly on her anchor, and landed on Gardiner Island, 50 yards off. The shingled beach is littered with slipper shells. An acre of hardwood flanks and crowns the knoll, where trodden paths and fire pits attest to frequent use. Then I ambled the circuit of the islet, nibbling on rosehips and listening to the tiny voice of the tide.

This afternoon I scull to what appears to be the head of Point Judith Pond, a mile north. A marina there caters to small powerboats, as the water runs rather shoal. But a channel before the head of the pond, with plenty of water in it, wends around a corner. Following the channel markers, I jog about a gravelly spit and find myself in large lagoon full of deep draft sailboats. At the head of this are two small marinas, a ships' store, a sailing school, a coffee shop, and a restaurant.

I tie off at the unused dinghy dock and enter the restaurant. There is no one about. In the empty bar, the bartender makes a pot of coffee; for me, I suppose. I take my glass mug of coffee out to the deck and stand up while I enjoy it. Walking about in the Whitehall doesn't provide sufficient exercise.

In the café below the employees relax, awaiting the after-work crowd. A pair of swans swims up to the nearby pier demanding food. The weekend is over; the boaters have all departed. They can't understand. The cook takes them scraps of bread and, when he returns, nurses several fingers. The swans were not gentle. The cook abuses the English language as well as the birds, describing their feeding habits.

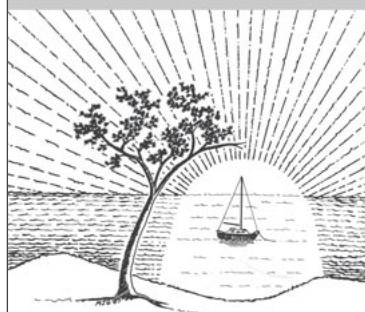
It takes me most of a strenuous hour to fight both breeze and tide the mile and a half to *MoonWind*. Partway there, a man in a motorized rubber dinghy swerves to come alongside.

"Would you like a tow?" he enquires.

He finds it hard to believe that I choose to row. He roars away and leaves me chained to my oars.

A dozen strokes from *MoonWind*, I feel the first of many, many raindrops.

The Journals of CONSTANT WATERMAN



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Matthew Goldman

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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Glen-L Forum Builders Gather

This September will be the fourth year that our Glen-L Forum members have organized a gathering of boat builders. Join the fun at the Fourth Glen-L Gathering of Boat Builders at Hale's Bar Marina & Resort in Guild, Tennessee, September 24-26. Many will bring their Glen-L boats, other home-made boats or even off-the-shelf boats. All are welcome!

At the past three gatherings, there were 15-30 boats and up to 100 people in attendance. We expect to have a nice mix of boats at this year's gathering. There will be several bright-finished mahogany runabouts, a cabin cruiser or two, hot rods, a hydroplane, tug-boats, sailboats, and who knows what else.

The Forum members provide food and drink and welcome those who'd like to pitch in and help. This is a free event, but donations are accepted. All of the organization is done through the Forum and details and links can be found at the Gathering Website. <http://glen-l.com/gathering/index.html> or contact me at Gayle@Glen-L.com or (562) 630-6258.

Gayle Brantuk, Bellflower, CA

Rochester, New York, Welcomes The World Canals Conference

The New York State Canal Corporation, Erie Canalway National Heritage Corridor Commission, Canal Society of New York State, the City of Rochester, Monroe County, Bergmann Associates, and PIANC-USA welcome delegates to the World Canals Conference scheduled September 19-24. Since 2000 when the greater Rochester area first hosted this conference, we have witnessed magnificent waterway accomplishments bristling with new initiatives, new developments, new vessels, and new ideas. New canal developments, parks and boater amenities have been completed on the Erie Canal (Cornhill Landing and Brooks Landing in Rochester, plus new developments in Brockport, Spencerport, Palmyra, Newark) and older ones expanded (Fairport, Pittsford, Macedon).

Three Post Conference Tours are offered: Niagara Falls & Lockport, Friday, September 24; Finger Lakes Wine Tour, Friday, September 24; Study Tour, a Two-Day Boat Excursion on the Erie Canal, Friday and Saturday, September 24 and 25.

Sad Showing at Gardner Workshop

I noted your comments about the John Gardner Traditional Small Craft workshop in the June issue after I returned from a trip out to Stonington, Connecticut, to attend the annual meeting of the Early American Industries Association (EAIA) at Mystic Seaport. The meeting ended on Saturday so I stuck around an extra day and went over to the Seaport Sunday around 11am. I was quite surprised to find the Seaport small craft piers virtually deserted. I'll bet I counted no more than 15 people on the docks between 11am and 2pm when I left. While the weather was

somewhat threatening, as a small craft warning had apparently been issued, the sun was out and the breezes brisk. The crowds of yesterday, however, were definitely elsewhere. I counted perhaps four or five non-Seaport boats on the floats and maybe one or two others out in the harbor. Heck, I sat up in one of the benches at the foot of the piers and didn't even have any competition from any other visitors! Maybe everyone showed up the day before on Saturday... I hope.

The visitor's boats were great, as were the 10 or 12 Seaport boats on the piers, and I took a lot of pictures of them. Mystic is always fun to visit, rain or shine. The staff was friendly, but really didn't interact much with those few people who did show up, none of whom seemed to be specifically aware that a small craft meet was ongoing. There was none of the usual activity on the piers at all. And by 2pm it was obvious the staff was wrapping things up in the face of apparently increasingly gusty winds.

I don't know what the problem might have been. Inadequate advertising, a lack of interest on the part of the Seaport, lack of signage, the economic downturn, or perhaps a shift of emphasis by attendees. As a visitor, I'm too far away over on the Olympic Peninsula to really know all the ins and outs. But I am sorry to see a once heavily attended event honoring one of the real giants, John Gardner, fading away. It is worth reviving!

In the meantime, I'm looking forward to attending the Wooden Boat Foundation Festival in September in Port Townsend, Washington. There are always more small boats at this event than you can shake a stick at.

Pete Leenhouts, Port Ludlow, WA

Information of Interest...

2011 Calendar of Wooden Boats®

The 2011 edition of the Calendar of Wooden Boats® with photographs by Benjamin Mendlowitz is now available offering 12 never-before-published photographs of stunning wooden boats in a variety of coastal settings. Dramatic lighting, rich color, and attention to detail are ingredients that set the mood. The subjects vary in type and size, from *Moonbeam IV*, the venerable 95' racing cutter designed and built by Fife, to a 15' Martinicus Double Ender rowboat. Sail selections include a Herreshoff cabin daysailer, a McIntosh cruising sloop, a Buzzards Bay 15, the 52' passenger sloop *Vela*, and the Maine windjammer *Mary Day*. Photos encompass a boatshop construction shot, an L. Francis Herreshoff double-paddle canoe, a 57' R.O. Davis motor-sailer, and a sturdy, motorized lifeboat, built in 1946, responsible for the single greatest small-boat rescue in US Coast Guard history. The 2011 cover beauty is *Kid II*, the newly built Gil Smith P-class sloop.

The photo captions, full of information and executed with an entertaining style, are by marine historian Maynard Bray, who has been providing the text since the calendar's inception.

The Calendar of Wooden Boats®, which has been published annually since 1983, is

designed in a 12"x24" wall format and is available at bookstores, chandleries, or directly from NOAH Publications for \$15.95 plus s&h. For more information about the calendar and other products featuring the photography of Benjamin Mendlowitz, visit our website at www.noahpublications.com.

Editor Comments: They send me a calendar every year which graces our office wall.

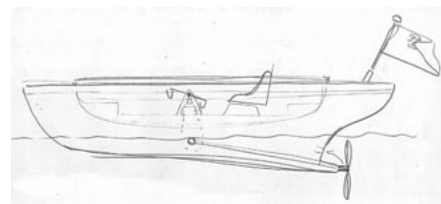


Information Needed...

Looking for Liberty Launch Info

In approximately 1991 Dr Alex Moulton purchased a Liberty Launch pedal boat built by Alfred Bowers. I include photos of the boat. We are trying to find some information on this boat and/or its builder but have been unable to find anything. I wonder if you or any of your readers might be able to help in any way.

Gillian Marston, Secretary to Dr Alex Moulton, CBE RDI FEng, The Hall, Bradford on Avon, Wiltshire, England



Opinions...

True Conservatives

Well there you go again, the slanted liberal press! I'm referring, of course, to the Doc Regan article titled "Jet Skis as Water Fowl" in the July issue. You "tax and spend bleeding heart elitists" never saw a sport you didn't want to tax to death did you? No wonder this country is in such a mess.

Fortunately there are true conservatives in the small boat world. Yes, those who sail multihulls. They were out sailing all over the

Pacific before those progressive lefty mono-hull types even knew there was such an ocean. The Hobie sailors long ago figured out that the best defense is a stronger offense when dealing with jet skis, or Smokers, as they are known in the movie *Waterworld*. Thanks to a recent Supreme Court ruling, we should all have less trouble obtaining the recommended Sidewinder missiles. To view the details of correctly attaching and testing a Sidewinder for your boat go online to www.west.net/~lpm/hobie/archives/v1-i2/humor.shtml

Dock Shuter, Glasco NY

In Minnesota It's Snowmobiles

I read with amusement Doc Regan's tongue in cheek (or not?) suggestion in the July issue ("Jet Skis as Waterfowl") that the state of Iowa raise revenue through the sale of jet ski hunting licenses. It reminded me of my initiation to living in Minnesota.

A month or two after my arrival in Minnesota, a boy riding a red snowmobile through the woods was shot to death by a hunter. The hunter said he thought the boy and snowmobile were a deer. The judge acquitted him. I hadn't been there long enough to understand, but the longer I lived there the more I understood.

Most hunters never get a deer and in that pursuit they spend days freezing on deer stands eating cold sandwiches and drinking whiskey to "keep warm." Of course, that means that all hunters are spending their days and nights in the woods with other hunters who have drunk liberally and have loaded weapons. Scary!

But let us assume that our hunter finally has a buck in his sights. Bambi's dad is a little too far away for a clean shot, but coming slowly closer as he grazes in the open. He's just about in range when ROARRRRRR, a snowmobile comes blazing into the meadow and the deer is gone forever to wherever deer go.

So this incidence in Minnesota, in hunting season, is called "justifiable homicide." Could not the same logic apply to the little brother of snowmobiles, the Personal Water Craft?

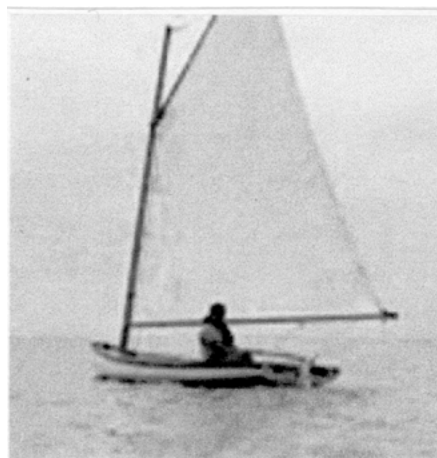
Palmer McGrew

Projects...

Mike's 16' Melonseed

Pictured here is Mike Wick from the Delaware TSCA Chapter. He claims that this is a 16' melonseed but look at that sail, it looks like it came off a 30-footer.

Dave Lucas, Cortez, FL



Apprenticeship Activity

On June 18, under beautiful summer skies, we launched two classic racing sloops here in Rockland, Maine. A restoration of an early 1930's Hai Finnboat and a new build, 23' Mermaid class sloop, were launched without a hitch to the delight of many well wishers.

Eric Stockinger, Executive Director, Rockport Apprenticeship



Laying Out the Lines

I am now in the process of laying off the lines for the new schooner pinky *Ardelle* from my drawings. On the mold loft floor, the process of drawing the lines of a vessel to full size in plan and elevation begins. The point is to determine the exact dimensions of the most important and fundamental parts of the structure. The necessity for drawing to full size arises from the extreme accuracy with which the dimensions of the various parts must correspond with one another in order that when assembled there may be no irregularity or unfairness in the surface of the vessel.

The lofting process is important and the key is to make the curves true and regular. As written in 1912 by Richard M. Van Gassbeek of the Pratt Institute, "a mechanical eye will save a great deal of labor, for much depends upon the fairing-in of the lines, as considerable injury may be done to a good design by deviating from the drawings."

Harold Burnham, Burnham Boatbuilding, Essex, MA



Tinkering with Little Boats

Speaking of tinkering with "little boats," does this qualify? The photos ids of my latest project, *Grace*! She is complete now and ready for her first "wetting in the briny deep."

Bryan Watts (from Dave Lucas, by email)



Sawdust Under Sail

A friend and I were out sailing in *Willow* in early July and we encountered *Sawdust*, which we watched being launched from Harold Burnham's shop in Essex, Massachusetts, on June 19 (*MAIB*, August). She is beautiful! Thanks to Harold for allowing us to watch the launch from his shop.

Dick MacKinnon



25th Renewal

I've now been sending this check to Wenham for 25 years. Your magazine improves with age like a good wine and is savored as such. We first met 26 years ago at the Newport Wooden Boat Show.

Wayne Donelson, Ashburnham, MA

Publisher/Conservationist

As a publisher you may be horrified but as a conservationist you'll be gratified to know I pass my copies on to a friend who reads them and then passes them on to the Boathouse crew at Mystic Seaport. There they are much appreciated, I'm told.

Dave Kline, Bloomfield, CT

Editor Comments: *Handing along copies to others to enjoy is a nice way to reach those who do not otherwise see the magazine. As long as enough people buy the subscriptions which make it possible for us to keep on publishing, we can afford to be that conservationist.*

More of Tom McGrath

More, more of Tom McGrath! Love your publication.

Mr and Mrs Joseph Meltreder, Brooksville, ME

Editor Comments: *I reran two of Tom's 1985 articles in the May and June issues as part of our ongoing "25 Years Ago in MAIB" series. Tom is long gone from our scene so there'll be no new articles from him and I cannot carry on the reruns from the half dozen years he was a contributor. Many of his stories were published in a couple of books from International Marine.*

On the Back Burner

Boating is on the back burner here right now, got my bathroom and kitchen torn up, new copper plumbing in, about to begin plasterboard. *MAIB* is the only thing maintaining my connection to reality!

Derek Van Loan, Mill Valley, CA

Editor Comments: *Later in life when we all look back will we recall all that plumbing/plastering stuff as being so important? I doubt it.*

When (if) you've read the sidebar which follows this review, you might assume my reading of *Canoe and Kayak Building the Light and Easy Way* was a seamless crash and burn experience. Not entirely so, the book has some qualities and content with which I'm favorably impressed. The author's style is personable and down to earth, with an easy flow to it. He's worked hard to create what's obviously a labor of love. And what's not to like about a traditional musician incorporating six of his paddle and portage compositions in the text?

There's little in the way of books for those wishing to build their own fiberglass canoe or kayak. The most recent I know of, James Moran's *Building Your Kevlar Canoe: A Foolproof Method and Three Foolproof Designs* (Ragged Mountain Press/International Marine) was published in 1995. Its few predecessors date back a fair bit farther than that. So, it was hoped this book would fill a niche in need of updating. Lastly, while it has definite limitations, the author's Fabric-Form construction method deserves some consideration. In the end, of course, it all comes down to whether the trap catches the beaver.

The question, then, is: Could a competent amateur, using this book alone, build a boat whose performance and appearance could be expected to be satisfactory? My answer: No. Unless a person is an experienced builder, they ought not build from this book without substantial additional reading and consultation with someone knowledgeable.

I will admit to having had a lot of difficulty separating the wheat from the chaff in reviewing this book. If there is such a thing, I came down with a severe case of "reviewer's block." The solution? Reverting.

As youngsters, my siblings and I were awash in a sea of platitudes. No event was too major, no occurrence too minor, to be exempt from adult proclamation. There was a summary comment for every occasion. The most often quoted were, "You can't see the forest for the trees," "You can't judge a book by its cover," "A picture speaks a thousand words," "The longest way round is the shortest way home." While I tried very hard to ignore them, they periodically bob to the surface.

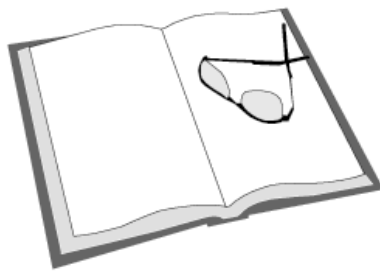
They have done so again. Well, what with them being handy, I decided to use them ("Any port in the storm").

"You can't see the forest for the trees." The sidebar focus (intellectual property rights) got in the way of seeing the book in perspective. I needed to change my vantage point.

"You can't judge a book by its cover." Nonsense. We do it all the time. Title, cover photos, and jacket copy combine to establish expectations as to the content. Whether these expectations are met, or even realistic, is another matter.

Cutting to the chase, what we're promised is: *The easy way* (emphasis mine) to build a light, tough, super-safe boat "...at a fraction of the cost and in a fraction of the time required by other building methods." In my opinion, there's no truly *easy* way to build a good boat. Some approaches are less demanding than others, but that's about as far as it goes. And fiberglass lamination as a process is unforgiving. Once you start, you can't stop until you're done or you've got a real mess on your hands. Enough said.

"...at a fraction of the cost" is a large fraction. Following the author's recommendations, total cost for good quality materials



Book Review

Canoe and Kayak Building the Light and Easy Way *How to Build Tough, Super-Safe Boats in Kevlar, Carbon, or Fiberglass*

Copyright 2009 by Sam Rizzetta
International Marine/McGraw Hill
Camden, Maine
239 Pages, Soft Cover

Reviewed by Rodger C. Swanson

will be in the neighborhood of \$1,000 at a minimum. A quick online check of used and sale price Kevlar canoes and kayaks brought up prices ranging from \$900 to \$2,200 for the size range of the designs featured in Mr Rizzetta's book. As he himself points out, "If your chief goal is to have an inexpensive boat, you will probably be happier buying a used one or a new one made of less costly materials." (p.9) I agree.

He goes on, "However, if you desire a more interesting design that is sized and customized for you, if you want to experiment, and if you enjoy learning and building, then making a boat will offer you many rewards, not the least of which is the pride of accomplishment of paddling a craft you made." (p.9)

Stirring words with which I wholeheartedly agree. Unfortunately, it is at this juncture that we are squarely confronted with *Canoe and Kayak Building's* shortcomings: "...in a fraction of the time required by other building methods" (emphasis mine) comes at a high cost.

"A picture speaks a thousand words." Here lies the crux: The front cover photos, seen from a fresh perspective, provided the key to a clear view of *Canoe and Kayak Building's* assets and deficits.

The upper left photo shows a completed building form. To its right is that same form overlaid with a glassed hull: The hull is neither fair nor symmetrical because the form itself is not. The same photos are shown on pp.48 and 67 respectively (which, being in larger format and in black and white, show the flaws with greater clarity). Too many shortcuts that affected accuracy were taken.

Circumstantial evidence indicates that the Wasp example shown is the designer's prototype hull, the same hull associated with the first and second photos cited in the above

paragraph. If so, we are dealing with an inherently flawed prototype.

Finally, and most importantly: "...master craftsman Sam Rizzetta's revolutionary Fabric-Form construction method" (rear cover jacket copy cite) has two distinct variants and produces two distinct hull forms.

The "building form" variant (our first glimpses of which are provided by the photos cited above) *will only produce a multi-chine hull*; and staying with the context of this book, *the only way to produce a round bottom hull is to copy an existing boat*.

In a nutshell, the first variation of the Fabric-Form Method involves the following: Building a canoe or kayak requires making a form on which to laminate the hull. The form is *identical* (emphasis mine) to the type used in making a wood strip canoe. The *main difference* (emphasis mine) is that you will "use fewer strips..." (p.19)

The strips (aka stringers) are laid out longitudinally on the station forms in the manner used when one is setting up to build a glued-lapstrake hull. A release material (the author uses plastic sealing wrap) "...is put over the entire form, including stringers, end caps and anything that might conceivably come in contact with the overlying fabric that comes next." (p.55)

The form is covered with peel ply fabric, which is heat shrunk to remove wrinkles. The stringers used in the example (the author's Wasp design) are spaced from 2 1/2" to 4" apart. Obviously, shrinking the fabric is going to pull it flat between stringers, *producing a multi-chine hull shape!*

Why do it this way? Because the only way to produce a *round* hull shape with this approach is to construct a solid plug and there goes the promised "in a fraction of the time."

The alternative which can produce a round hull is: "It is possible to use an existing canoe as a form if you wish to copy it *or to modify it by enlarging some part of the hull a little* (emphasis mine). This can be done without hurting the original canoe. Using this method, you can avoid making both a strong-back and a wood form (underlining mine). *You could even buy a used canoe for this purpose and sell it when you're finished, resulting in little or no cost for the form* (emphasis mine). ...or you can use the canoe only as a basis for the form, modifying it to your own design (underlining mine.) (p.49)

The author's rationale for using "an existing canoe as a form" is to reduce costs and time. Otherwise, there's simply no *fraction* in "...at a fraction of the cost and in a fraction of the time..."

It goes beyond that. The real question to ask is: *Why* would I want to copy this particular boat in the first place? If it's a better than average design, that might make some sense. However, picking a boat just because it's available on the cheap and it's got a round bottom are hardly sound marine criteria. A hull form that is a mediocre performer isn't going to improve an iota simply because it's made from lighter materials. All you'll get for the bargain is a canoe that's a tad easier to lug back to the vehicle and sling it atop after a frustrating day of very so-so paddling.

Further, on p.52, there's a photo caption stating, in part: "This 15' canoe of Royalex® is more than 20 pounds heavier than the Kevlar® canoe laminated on top of it." This example is chosen for two reasons: Depending on the conditions the craft was designed for, the 20 pounds may actually be an asset, and Roy-

alex® is a proprietary product sold in bulk to mass producers of canoes and similar watercraft. If a hull is labeled, stamped, or otherwise identified as being made from Royalex® (or, as in the case of Old Town, Oltanar®), you can be very close to certain it's a registered design. This is one of a number of clues to use in determining whether permission needs to be sought prior to copying.

Why ask permission? First and foremost, it's the right thing to do (if this has to be elaborated upon, well, I feel sorry for you). As a practical matter, the designer or manufacturer knows much more about their design than you do. By contacting them, you may receive the benefit of their experience and expertise. They may think your idea a grand one and perhaps offer advice that will produce an even better outcome than you envisioned. Or, they may inform you that the materials and technique you have in mind are unsuitable, thereby saving you wasted time, energy and money. Or, they may feel your level of expertise isn't equal to the task, and maybe it isn't. They may just say, "No." If they do, accept it.

"The longest way round is the shortest way home." During our phone interview, the author stated that the book does suffer from a lack of editing. This was promised as part of the publication "package." An editor knowledgeable of small craft construction could have been of great assistance. Unfortunately, that wasn't the case.

His choice of the building example bears this out: "*Wasp* is used an example because it is the most difficult of the hull designs to build and requires more detailed explanations and pictures. Any other canoe design you choose is likely to be much simpler to build. Along the way, I will describe how your tasks can be simplified when building more conventional designs." (p.39)

Pedagogically, this is counter-intuitive. Simple to complex, if clearly stated, explains and illustrates, complex to simple merely confuses.

Mr Rizzetta, to his credit, does recommend building a model if one feels any reluctance about tackling a full-size boat head on. Sound advice. He uses his *Dragonfly* (11'6" "small, light solo pack canoe") as an example in Chapter 10. The photos are illustratively excellent and the text reasonably clear. This would make a wonderful starting point.

There's a caveat, however. Photographs indicate proper stringer layout. The text does *not* state how to accomplish this *nor* elaborate on why it's functionally and aesthetically important. Again, you'd have to read another book. Myself, I'd recommend Thomas J. Hill's old-but-still-good *Ultralight Boat-building*. He knows the drill.

The *Kayoo* (the author's 14'6" "versatile canoe/kayak hybrid" would be an excellent example for intermediate complexity. Further, because it can be built and fitted out as a decked kayak, it would meet the interests and needs of more readers. The section on installing bulkheads, decks, and the like is well done. The *Kayoo* would be a natural vehicle for clearly describing the techniques and nuances of properly decking and otherwise fitting out a hull.

Lastly, the only real case the author makes for designing the *Wasp* as he did is because its "narrow waist" contributes to a more "ergonomic" paddling position. Overall, his assurances notwithstanding, there isn't objective third party confirmation that the design really is safe under a wide range of conditions. It's too much of an

unknown to be a good pick for a first project or as an instructional showcase.

So, while there are some good pickings to be had in *Canoe and Kayak Building the Light and Easy Way*, following the score to play the tune is difficult at best. Successful navigation requires keeping ones ears cocked and weather eye peeled. One can't be all that certain whether they're being guided forward by the laments of the *voyageurs* or being bewitched by the deceitful tunes of the Pied Piper of Hamelin.

As for me? I am going to utilize some of the author's techniques in building a copy of a 12'6" *Rob Roy* double-paddle canoe. The first "edition" (already laid out) is strip-built, following the format in Nick Schade's *Building Strip-Planked Boats* (a review of which was published in an earlier issue of *MAIB*). This boat is for my own use. A close family member wants one. Much as I love that person, I'm not about to go through the rigors of building them a stripper, especially when I'm aware of their history of "less than stellar" maintenance of recreational watercraft.

So, Dad gets the stripper, daughter gets the Kevlar (which will be light and tough, thanks to input from Sam), and all will be well.

A Review In Two Parts. Why?

I'm glad you ask. Ordinarily, I read the book, form an opinion as to its quality, check with the author on points that may benefit from clarification, write the review, and submit it. The book's publisher is cited in the heading, but that's all the mention they receive. Except this time.

I have definite concerns about the approach taken by both author and publisher in regard to intellectual property issues relative to the copying of small craft designs. Therefore, in an attempt to draw clear lines of discourse, I'm dealing with most aspects of the intellectual property issues in this sidebar. A review of the book per se is provided separately.

My review approach includes reading the promises contained in the jacket copy and determining the extent to which they are fulfilled. Perhaps not all that sophisticated, but it does provide a starting point. This time, it was almost the ending point.

To wit:

"Replicate your *favorite boat* emphasis mine) in Kevlar or carbon fiber."

"Instructions for *molding a new boat around your favorite old one* (emphasis mine)."

"Using an old canoe as the form for a new Kevlar or carbon boat."

A significant portion of the text does, in fact, deal with making direct copies of existing boats. The text does contain two references to intellectual property issues:

Instead of building a wooden, skeleton-type form, an old canoe can be used as a temporary form without harming it. This can save a lot of time and labor, as well as the cost of the mold materials as you use a canoe you own or borrow or if you buy a used one specifically to use as a mold and then resell it later. But you are limited to available boats that aren't someone else's intellectual property. Boat designs are subject to copyright laws and should not be copied without the manufacturer's or designer's permission.

Canoe and Kayak Building the Light and Easy Way, pp. 8-9: "It is possible to use an existing canoe as a form if you wish to copy it or modify it by enlarging some part of the

hull a little. This can be done without hurting the original canoe. Using this method, you can avoid making both a strongback and a wood form. You could even buy a used canoe for this purpose and sell it when you're finished, resulting in little or no cast for the form!

I do not advocate copying a canoe without permission if the design is someone else's intellectual property. When in doubt, ask the designer or manufacturer. But you may want to copy an old canoe model that is not otherwise available and make a composite version. Or you can use the canoe only as a basis for the form, modifying it into your own design."

Canoe and Kayak Building the Light and Easy Way, p.49: The above statements regarding intellectual property matters are not clear, robust, and declarative. They come at the *end* (first quoted paragraph) and in the *middle* (second quoted paragraph) and are definitely muted in their potential to catch the reader's attention. The thrust of the second paragraph is particularly lacking in clarity. Nor is there any description of the due diligence procedure involved in determining whether a design is someone's intellectual property to begin with. To my mind, this does not pass ethical muster.

Therefore, I departed from usual procedure and contacted the author prior to completion of the review rather than just before submitting it to our editor. I spoke with Mr Rizzetta by phone, stating my concerns. He was cooperative. His version of events is this:

He wanted to write a book on canoe and kayak safety features and techniques and have it published. Publisher response was: "Safety doesn't sell." However, the latter made a counter proposal: Write a book detailing your construction process and designs and we'll allow ample space for safety aspects. A deal was struck. Sam got a book published. The publisher distributed a work they regarded as likely to sell. (There are, by the way only two other books I could find on fiberglass canoe and kayak construction and neither is a recent publication, so this is an under-served niche). A win/win, so to speak. To my mind, though, the end result is an example of both party's good intentions going awry.

Mr Rizzetta says his boat building has focused on craft for his personal use and that of family and friends. In consequence, he didn't automatically think of marketplace considerations when writing the book. By his own statement, he did not make any declarations about design rights that were "...at all robust. It just didn't occur to me, but in retrospect I can see that I ought to have." A plausible, if not strong, defense.

For now, however, we'll turn to the publisher. It being my opinion that the publisher ought to have been more up to the mark on intellectual property issues, I drafted the following e-mail (reprinted with his permission) to International Marine's Editorial Director, Jonathon Eaton:

Mr Eaton, I periodically (no pun intended) do book reviews for *Messing About in Boats* magazine. Bob Hicks, *MAIB*'s Editor/Publisher, recently sent me *Canoe and Kayak Building the Light and Easy Way, How to Build Tough, Super-Safe Boats in Kevlar, Carbon, or Fiberglass*, by Sam Rizzetta, Copyright 2009 by Sam Rizzetta, International Marine/McGraw Hill, Camden, ME, 239 pages, soft cover.

The jacket comments and a significant portion of the text deal with making direct

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copies of existing boats (e.g., Replicate your favorite boat in Kevlar or carbon fiber; Instructions for molding a new boat around your favorite old one).

Most of the books in my marine library were published by International Marine/McGraw Hill. I've done a fair number of reviews, including some IM titles. This is the first time I've had occasion to question International Marine's promotion of a book.

The issue of copying designs can be complex. Stating its (implied) acceptability on the jacket of a marine design/building work is, at best, questionable. Endorsing textual content that pays (at best) lip service to design-related intellectual property issues is ethically unacceptable (at least to my mind).

I always communicate with an author before the review of his or her book is published. I have spoken with Mr Rizzetta.

In this case, I'd appreciate an opportunity to discuss my concerns with someone from International Marine's editorial staff before publishing the review.

Respectfully, Rodger C. Swanson

Mr Eaton's response (*quoted with his permission*):

Monday, February 22, 2010: Hi Rodger, I see your point and I have to confess that this interpretation never occurred to me as we were pulling together the book's cover copy. That is, I never envisioned that selling line, "Using an old canoe as the form for a new Kevlar or carbon boat," as an invitation to a reader to build multiple copies of a proprietary, in-market design for sale. That's certainly not what we mean to advocate. What I envision is a reader with a favorite old canoe that is too far gone to rescue but can still serve as a plug for a replacement copy.

I have in my backyard a 9' Old Town dinghy, circa 1935, canvas-covered thin cedar planking and mahogany transom, inwales, thwarts and breasthook. My grandfather bought the dinghy new. My father covered it with fiberglass in 1970, which only sealed in moisture and hastened its demise. Now the plank ends have pulled away from the transom, the wales, breasthook, and knees are shot, and the boat is past rescue. I tried to donate it to the Atlantic Challenge Apprenticeship in Rockland, but they don't want it. But it could, conceivably, still serve as a plug for a fiberglass or Kevlar version. Old Town doesn't market the boat anymore, it is hard to see who I'd harm by doing that. That's the sort of thing I have in mind when I read this line.

Best, Jon"

I appreciated both Mr Eaton's promptness in responding and his being straightforward. To clarify my perspective, I was less focused on the possible production of "multiple copies... for sale" than the starting point issue of copying a design for any purpose. Having more than once proven myself to be too smart for my own good, I decided to ask someone who would/should know and contacted Johnson Outdoors/Old Town Canoe. I made this pick based on Old Town's longevity as a continuously operating, domestically located company. Numbers-wise, they probably have as many boats out there as any commercial small craft manufacturer. I spoke with Alisa Swire, Vice President for Business Development and Legal Affairs. Following is the short form of what she told me (I accept full responsibility for any errors):

"Boats designs (under US law) are protected by registration under provisions of the New Vessel Hull Design Protection Act, Public Law No. 105-304. For our purposes, if a design is registered, anyone wishing to copy it must obtain express permission from the party who registered it, or holds the rights accompanying the registration. Two points:

Registration does *not* require "commercial activity," that is, the fact of a design being registered does not compel the registrant to actually produce and market it, or, if it has been marketed, to keep it on the market; and, if a design is withdrawn from in-stock or catalogue status, it is *still* protected unless withdrawn from registration. In other words, just because a given model isn't currently offered for sale, that does *not* mean it's gone in to the public domain.

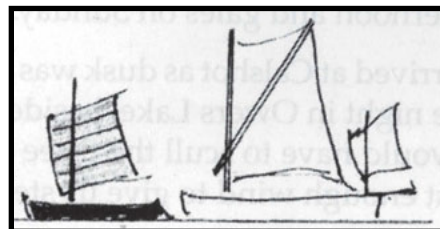
An important aspect is what it actually means to "own" a boat. When you purchase a boat, the boat itself becomes your legal possession. You have the right to use (or not use) it; share it; loan it; re-sell it or give it away. If it becomes worn or damaged, you have the right to have it repaired. Should it become worn beyond repair and you wish to replace it, you can buy another one but you *do not* have the right to make (or have made) a copy *without* the express permission of the party to whom the design is registered."

As stated above, a manufacturer isn't obligated to maintain a given model's availability as a stock item in order to retain registration. So, if "your favorite boat" is no longer a catalogue item, that *doesn't automatically* mean it's copyable sans permission. You are still obligated to ask.

Speaking on Old Town's behalf, Ms Swire recognizes that, while "imitation can be the most sincere form of flattery," there are definite and narrow limits to be observed when the item in question is (or might be again) a marketed product. If an individual wishes to copy an Old Town boat for their own use, she requests that inquiries be directed to her. She can be reached by phone at (262) 631-6600 or by mail at: Alisa Swire, Vice President for Business Development and Marketing, Johnson Outdoors, 555 Main St, Racine, WI 53403.

She does not minimize the importance of protecting intellectual property. That being said, she regards product safety as of equal importance, especially for the individual boater. All registered Old Town products were designed and engineered to meet multiple requirements, including stringent safety, intended usage and flotation factors; i.e., there are some designs that meet all requirements when constructed of a specified hull material that might *not* meet some or all of these requirements if built from a different material. These factors are part of any "request to copy" discussion and, I think, rightly so.

So, there you have it. If you don't know, ask. Besides having a clear conscience, you may gain valuable information you'd not have the benefit of otherwise. I didn't, by the way, ask her about Jon's dinghy. But, now he can.





Lots of boating beauty in the I Built It Myself display on the green.

A Brief Look Around at the Wooden Boat Show

By Bob Hicks

My trip to this years' WoodenBoat Show at Mystic Seaport Museum was on the Friday (my usual custom) when exhibitors are still fresh and full of enthusiasm and crowds not as thick as on the weekend. I wandered about for six hours and took these photos of what caught my fancy at any given moment. Hardly the way of a professional journalist, but quite laid back and enjoyable.

To see many, many more photos (in full color) those of you online can go to the WoodenBoat website where they can be viewed in abundance, particularly lots and lots of outboard racing shots.



The Norseboat in wood, replica of a fiberglass version that sailed the Northwest Passage a couple of summers ago.

Biggest yacht on the docks was *Summerwind* from the US Merchant Marine Academy in Kings Point, New York.



Hillary Russell of the Berkshire Boatbuilding School's latest effort in lightness, a fabric covered willow framed currach.

Right opposite the entrance to the show was this "junkman" in a prime spot (everyone coming in couldn't help but see the sprawling clutter). There was no identifying sign. We heard later from a visitor who bought several old copies of *MAIB* here and liked them so much he bought a subscription from us.





Standing sea kayaks on end reveals just how long they really are at the CLC booth. Requires less booth square feet per boat according to owner/designer John Harris.



One choice for the Family Boatbuilding was this CLC Sassafras 16 canoe. John Harris (right) checks up on early progress.



Andre Meigs' *Dancing Dragon* pedal-powered boat was something I could relate to (what with my recumbent bicycling enthusiasm) with its recumbent seating, high placed sprocket bottom bracket and clever drive shaft with three right angle gearboxes, two shaft blocks, two bearings and a flexible coupling to allow for steering and tilt, all the way back and down to the tip of the rudder. The 20-footer has a 24" beam, draws 3" (exclusive of rudder/prop), and weighs 250lbs. His "engine" horsepower is about 1/8 (90+ watts) "on a good day." That flimsy looking backrest is just a framework which the paddler's pfd fits into for support.



Bruce Harwood's Delaware Ducker on display in the I Built It Myself area gets a look-over from British designer Iain Oughtred (right). Iain was guest of honor at this year's Tribute Dinner.

Foreshortened mahogany runabout bow relegated to service as a bar.



Beetle Inc continues to branch out from their Beetle Cat production, herewith a poster advertising their "Willy Potts" 10'6" dinghy, priced at \$5,800.

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Hector Sburlati's I Built It Myself sailboat was an eye opener, workmanship incredible, design something of a question mark to me, looking at the tri-hull, and the deep "sit-inside" cockpit. No keel nor centerboard nor leeboards, the tri-hull apparently counted on to get a grip on the water. Hector said he sails it on the Hudson River.



The sign on this tugboat reads "Tugboat Parking Only." Another I Built It Myself project.



Eric Schade built this glued lap Adirondack Guideboat which might soon appear in the CLC lineup.

From Norway came the Sunnhordland Museum boat building school staff outfitted in traditional costumes to assemble a half-scale kit model of a faering.



Also seen on the green was this serviceable looking skiff built in last year's Family Boat-building by Tom Jahnke (and family). Pale green exterior, beige interior, no sign of varnish. Tom is proprietor of T & L Tools, maker of the Unscrew-ums™ broken screw extractor.



Doris T has been coming to the Show for a number of years, she's a wooden Townie built by Ralph Johnson of the Pert Lowell Co, loaned to him by owner David Wiggins who helps out every year. Gotta wonder what old Pert himself would think about his 1930s daysailer design still turning up amongst all the elegance.

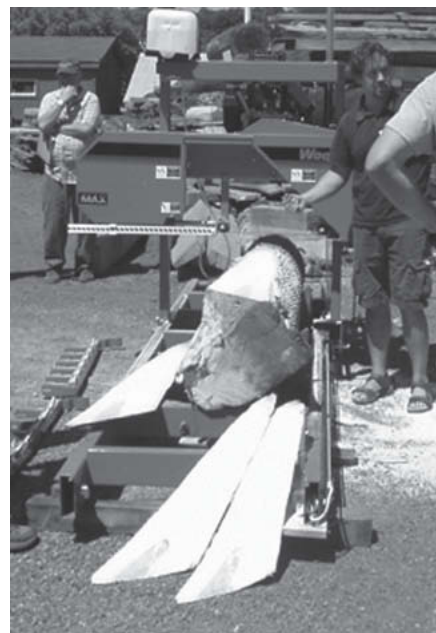
Well, it's not a boat but it is made of wood, a luxury oversized teardrop trailer known as FreeSpace from Woodwind Caravans. Like a wooden boat, it's expensive!





Over by the Shipyard we found: This blacksmith at work... this posting of "Today's (Friday's) Skills Demonstrations: Bronze Casting, Steambending Wood, Plywood/Epoxy Boat building, Tour of Shipyard Tools, Boat and Engine Collection Open House, Small Boat Metal Fittings, and *Charles W. Morgan* project... the bandsaw mill hard at work sawing out boat lumber... and the *Charles W. Morgan* looming over all like a giant dinosaur.

TODAY'S SKILLS DEMONSTRATIONS	
10:00 A.M.	BRONZE CASTING SAM JOHNSON POLE BARN
11:30 A.M.	STEAMBENDING WOOD RICK REMENDA MAIN SHIPYARD, NORTH DOOR
1:00 P.M.	PLYWOOD EPOXY BOATBUILDING GEOFF KERR PAINT SHED
1:00 P.M.	TOUR OF BIG SHIPYARD TOOLS SCOTT NOSEWORTHY BEHIND POLE BARN
2:30 TO 4:30 P.M.	BOAT AND ENGINE COLLECTION OPEN HOUSE ROSSI MILL LOADING DOCK
2:30 P.M.	SMALL BOAT METAL FITTINGS HARRY BRYAN PAINT SHED
4:00 P.M.	CHARLES W. MORGAN PROJECT QUENTIN SNEDIKER PAINT SHED



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Part I

Following a perfect day and a great sail from Crisfield on the Maryland Eastern Shore to Ewell on Smith Island Monday, Tuesday arrived with different intentions. The weather forecast was for a SW wind of 10 to 15 knots, gusting to 20, with 3' waves on the Bay, afternoon thunderstorms being likely. A small craft advisory had been posted. This was the day we planned to cross the main portion of the Bay, over to Smith Point on the Virginia shore. It would be a new adventure since we hadn't done this before.

One of our group expressed surprise when I said we'd probably head out in spite of the "advisory". To me the wind didn't seem that bad if sailing under reduced sail. Tony and Uncle Al agreed. So we all rigged reefs in our mains, except for Al and Hans, who switched to a trysail. Meanwhile, the sun was shining bright and hot, while the breeze bounced nearby treetops around. At the worst it will be a wet sail, I thought, feeling only slightly guilty knowing that Jane would take the brunt of the beating.

Though the Chesapeake is world renowned for fabulous yachting and sailing, few yachts visit the beautiful islands and rivers abutting Tangier Sound on the Eastern Shore. The waters are too shallow. Yachts that do ply these waters are of shallow draft design. The entrances to rivers and harbors are invariably heavily barred and torturous; and the much convoluted guts that bisect both Smith and Tangier islands, known as thorofores, are but narrow dredged channels, maybe only 10m to 20m wide at places. To the eye there seems to be lots of water, but for all intents and purposes most of it is less than 6" deep. This means that when sailing even a Wayfarer, frequent encounters with the bottom at the sides of the channel are a common occurrence. Keeping the board partway up is a good policy.

With several the gang already tacking up and down the confined channel in front of Pauli Z's Smith Island Marina, waiting on the rest of us, Jane and I led the way out. We were under a small jib and reefed main. The west channel exiting to the Bay consists of a dog-leg, running a half mile north and then turning sharply SW for a half mile out into the Bay. It was at the turn, with the wind coming onto our nose, that we got into trouble.

On our second starboard tack we overshoot the edge of the channel a little too much and wham, *Blue Mist* came to an abrupt stop! The board was buried hard in concrete-like mud and sand. Unable to lift it, I managed to sail off by easing out the sheets. But this then had us heading for the opposite side of the channel and more trouble. So I made a perilous decision, "Duck, Jane," I yelled, "I'm going to jibe." Unfortunately, right away Jane became trapped on the leeward side, unable to scramble to windward. In an almost sweet, easy slow roll, the Wayfarer laid gently over on her side making for Jane's first capsizel!

The air was warm, the water warm, and *Blue Mist* lay calmly on her side, floating high. My vessel didn't seem at all worried about her situation. My initial feeling of panic immediately evaporated, allowing my brain to take control again. Recalling the excellent advice that I had read regarding self-recovery posted on the Canadian Wayfarer website www.wayfarer-canada.org, I knew what I needed to do. The main steps being; right the boat quickly, raise the centerboard, then get the sails down. In a matter of a couple of minutes I was around to *Blue Mist's*

"I'm Going to Die!" An Event Filled Day on the Chesapeake

By Dick Harrington



bottom side and had pulled the center board out, which had been in the up position when we went over. Climbing onto the board I was ready to bring *Blue Mist* up. But there was a problem! Where was Jane??

Oh! Oh! There she was, still within the cockpit and clinging on for dear life to a seat. "Jane, get around to this side", I commanded sternly. I was in hurry! "I can't let go! I'm going to die! I'm going to die!" was her frightened response. Finally, after forcefully repeating, several times, "No, you're not going to die!" I persuaded her to let go. With Jane free of the cockpit and bobbing in her life vest, *Blue Mist* came up with amazing ease. But Jane is not a strong swimmer. So now she and *Blue Mist* suddenly began to rapidly drift apart. Focused on getting the sails down, I had foolishly waited too long to throw her a line. Up to then I had done well, but being in too much hurry and not looking after Jane, was a major blunder. Under different circumstances the consequences could have been serious.

Luckily, all ended well. Though the distance between Jane and me widened considerably, both of us were quickly drifting down upon a nearby small island with a nice sandy beach. Jane was scared, but I knew that she was safe in her life vest. After beaching *Blue Mist*, I walked out with a throw line, waiting for her to drift in. About this time we were joined by Chuck and Kathy, and Al and Hans, who helped us bail out the Wayfarer, as well as retrieve my floating chart case.

The Lesson: Although at the time of setting sail conditions seemed to be within acceptable limits, it was good that we aborted the Smith Point crossing. One of the group told me later that wind gusts of 30 knots were reported at Smith Point. The conditions present when Jane and I capsized weren't really terrible. We capsized because I made a mistake! It could have easily been avoided. In the vast majority of non-racing situations, it is human error that results in a capsizing.

Jane and I were able to self-rescue because we were prepared and I've had previous capsizing experience, I didn't panic. Practicing a capsizel drill is a very valuable safety exercise for anyone planning on making this kind of a cruise. Most of our cockpit gear was tied down and neither watertight compartment leaked. When I checked I found less than a cup of water in either.

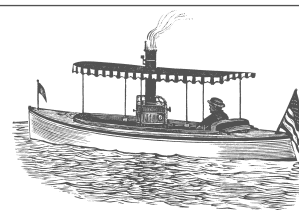
Part II

Not to be outdone by Dick and Jane's troubles; upon returning to Pauli's we were surprised to learn that two others had suffered a bad time as well. While still inside the harbor, Jim broke his centerboard and was forced to turn back. Much more frightening, however, new comers Jason and his fiancée Stephanie were somehow blown ashore on the island across from the marina. There, their mast contacted a high voltage electrical line, creating a live ground that passed through their boat. Thankfully, they had the very good sense to jump off the boat just before the contact. The mast suffered a dime size burn hole, while the forestay, as well as a shroud, were burned off. This was an extremely close call. (An unconfirmed report was that the waterman whose power was knocked out lost a quantity of crabs!)

The good news was that Jim was able to fabricate a substitute centerboard from materials he found in Pauli's (our marina and B&B host) workshop. Meanwhile, Jason just happened to have a spare shroud with him, which was remarkable. All he needed was to borrow a suitable length of line to serve as a temporary forestay. Thus, rather unbelievably, by Thursday both boats were back in service and ready for the sail to Tangier Island.

(Dick and Jane live in Geneva, OH. He has completed numerous cruises, both single-handed and with others, sailing the waters of Maine, Nova Scotia, Chesapeake Bay, and Lake Superior, to name a few. As the US Wayfarer Association Cruising Secretary he was influential in the development of two popular class cruising events, the annual week-long Cruising Rally and the Chesapeake Bay Cruise. Nine Wayfarers and one CL-16 participated in this year's six-day Chesapeake cruise. Dick can be reached at rmharrington@sbcglobal.net)

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Day One: August was not great weatherwise. Rain was an almost daily occurrence, and when it didn't rain, there was no wind. Watching the forecasts, and waiting for a stretch of good weather turned out to be an exercise in futility. We have a rule about only starting a cruise with a forecast for settled conditions, but the summer was going by, and *Penelope* was stuck in port. Thus it was that with a new forecast as grim as any that had preceded it, I decided to go anyway. Sailing in rain would be better than not sailing at all. But if the forecast was for days of rain and some thunderstorms ahead, it was at least sunny and bright on the morning of our departure. Incidentally, "we" and "our" when they appear in this narrative refer only to me and my engineless catboat *Penelope*. I am pretty much of a confirmed and unrepentant single-hander.

Beating out the Western Way from Burnt Coat Harbor, I take note that we are going to have to break another rule if we are going to get anywhere. A massive fog bank is rolling in from seaward and will be on us within moments. Normally, the rule is that we don't start out in a thick of fog. It's not that we can't deal with it, we have to if we are going to do much sailing on the Maine coast, only that starting out in poor to bad conditions doesn't seem wise. Good conditions can deteriorate quickly enough. Bad conditions don't have so far to go before they turn into something really unpleasant. For the same reason, we are seldom willing to start out in winds of 20 knots or more. If a predicted 15 knots can turn to 35 as I've seen it do more than once, the 20 or 25 knot breeze could turn into something I'd just as soon not experience.

Ah, but rules are made to be broken! Weeks of waiting for weather have modified our attitude. We want to go!

A slight chill comes with the fog as it wraps around us. The lighthouse astern and Gooseberry Island to starboard disappear as does Can #3 close by, and everything else. It's quiet too, or seems so. The nature of sound changes in fog; sounds generated nearby can be muffled while faraway ones sound close. A bell or a horn heard off to port can actually be coming from starboard. We are quickly immersed in a dank, mysterious world of many uncertainties.

The breeze is such that we can just make a course for a waypoint in our GPS which will keep us clear of rocks off Gooseberry and in the vicinity of the High Sheriff before slacking the sheet and bearing off on a more northerly course up Toothacher Bay. This heads us for a new waypoint which will allow us to clear the north end of Marshall Island and head west between Marshall and the Halibut Rocks.

The GPS has certainly removed much of the difficulty involved in getting around in the fog, but I can't help thinking it has taken away a lot of the fun too. The suspense of dead reckoning, all the fear and elation of sailing into the unknown and then making an improbable landfall is pretty much gone now. Of course while navigation has gotten easier, it is by no means risk-free. A local lobsterman was ferrying a television crew out to the island in a thick of fog one day when, confidently steering by GPS, he drove the boat up on a sand beach at 20 knots. He was certainly lucky to go up on sand when 99.9% of the shore around here is rock, but go up he did, and questions surrounding this incident are still troubling. Did the GPS direct him into

More Single-Handed Wanderings in the Engineless Catboat

Penelope

Midsummer Cruise

Part 1

By W.R. Cheney
(Swan's Island, Maine)



danger as he claims, or, as some of the more cynical local observers think, did the presence of several nubile young ladies in the TV crew cause him to become distracted?

The upper levels of the fog bank thin as we proceed up the bay. Looking straight up, I can see blue sky, but at the surface the fog stays as thick as ever. The result is quite wonderful as the fog on the water is transformed into a golden gas. The chill is gone; we float in a warm golden world. We forge ahead gently with an easy surging motion. We hear and then see a ketch chugging along on her way into the harbor. She comes out of the fog and passes quite close. We exchange waves, but the waves from the ketch are half hearted. Her crew peers grimly forward. They seem tense and worried, a not unreasonable attitude I suppose (hidden hazards abound around here) but I feel sorry for them. They are not enjoying this golden morning.

Maybe they are just afraid their prop will catch on one of the hundreds of lobster warps between them and the harbor. It is a legitimate fear. It happens every day. *Penelope*, with her smooth, propellerless bottom, has no such worries. Even the notch between her skeg and rudder has been bridged over so there is nothing to catch on underwater lines.

Somewhere around the north end of Marshall Island she sails out of the fog into a clear sunny day. Now we must decide where we are going. I like to keep my options open on *Penelope*. Sailing without an engine entails a much greater respect for the laws of wind and tide than is necessary on a boat where the simple push of a button can resolve so many problems. Because the prevailing winds here are from the southwest, almost all of my cruises begin in a westerly direction. Thus I can venture forth as far as I care to, reasonably confident that when I tire of my solitary waterborne adventures and begin to long for the comforts and companionship of home, the way back will not be too arduous. Most times we will be reaching or running and the harder it blows, the more swift will be our progress.

It is also true that most of the good cruising grounds lie to the west of Swan's Island. The real tenderloin of the Maine coast is found between Portland and Schoodic. West of this there is a dearth of islands and harbors and what there is tends to be so crowded

that anchoring is difficult or, in many cases, not even permitted. East of Schoodic it is noticeably colder and the land is poorer. The tides and currents are more extreme and fog is a more frequent companion. Oh sure, everybody should sail way down east and make the pilgrimage to beautiful Roque Island, but once that rite of passage has been accomplished, those of us short on masochistic tendencies tend to stay West of Schoodic.

This tendency to always sail west does mean that there are a couple of really nice eastern destinations which tend to get neglected. Chief among them are Somes Sound, a spectacular fjord that runs up deep into Mt. Desert Island from south to north, and the Cranberry Islands.

This summer I had been really hankering to take a look at the Cranberries, but now as we neared Halibut Rocks I could see more fog to the north and east. It looked thick down by the Casco Passage which we would have to transit if we were indeed going East. More attractive was the sparkling day which lay to the west in the direction of Isle au Haut. It had been a few years since we had visited there, and, with no dissenting votes, the decision was made to head in that direction. I think it was Joshua Slocum who first noted that on single-handed craft, dissent among the crew is seldom a problem.

A nice SW breeze made it just possible to lay a course for Southern Mark Island close hauled, and *Penelope* made good progress in relatively flat water. As we progressed, however, another massive fog bank materialized to the south and west of Isle au Haut and slowly engulfed that lofty place. Enjoying our pleasant sunny day as we were, we just didn't want to sail into that damp, cold, forbidding looking wall. Peering back over our starboard quarter, I could see that the fog to the northeast over the Casco Passage was gone, and our sunny day now lay in that direction. Another vote was taken, passed unanimously, and we veered to the north, jibed over and headed up the bay headed for the Casco Passage and wherever the wind would take us.

I began to think that a possible destination for the night would be Pretty Marsh Harbor on the west side of Mount Desert Island. If this wind held, it would be all reaching and running and about the right distance to get us there well before nightfall. Then, provided the wind remained onshore, we could run up to Blue Hill next day, visit the really fine art galleries there and perhaps enjoy a gourmet meal as a break from Spam-based cruising fare.

Oddly enough, in all the years I've sailed this area, I've never been to Blue Hill by water. Every time I head in that direction something happens, usually having to do with too much wind. Once, down by Bartlett Island, I had just taken in a reef when there was a slight lull during which *Penelope* fell off 'til she was beam to where the weather had been coming from. Then, without warning, she was hit by a monster blast from the same direction. *Penelope* went over so far as she tried to round up that water actually came over the deck and lapped against the cockpit coaming.

I thought sure she was going over, but tough old girl that she is, she only shot up into the wind and shook herself like a cormorant coming up from a dive. I scandalized the sail and got out of there, running all the way back to Burnt Coat Harbor like a scalded cat (no pun intended). These dangerous squalls are rare but by no means unknown on the

summer coast of Maine. Up at the west end of the Eggemoggin Reach a full size schooner in the windjammer trade was knocked down and sunk by one of these, and a couple of years ago a large Friendship sloop in a race off Camden was sunk in the same way. Her skipper was one of the boatbuilding Stanleys of Southwest Harbor, so no one can say it was due to inexperience.

As we run northward toward the Casco Passage, I see that we are on a gradually converging course with a nice plus or minus 30' wooden ketch. She is running for the passage too and seems to be going just a bit faster than *Penelope*. Something about her bow wave is suspicious though. It is just a bit too aggressive and too regular for a boat under pure sail. Sure enough, as we get closer the bow wave suddenly diminishes a bit, and the boat's motion looks more natural. And now it is *Penelope* who is going a bit faster through the water.

Within hailing distance now, I call over to tell them how lovely I think their boat is and to enquire as to who her designer might be. They tell me she is a Herreshoff H-28. Perhaps less diplomatically, I ask if they had been motoring just now, and get back the affirmative. The sixtyish competent-looking woman who is at the tiller then says that she grew up on "one of those", meaning my catboat, I think, and asks if I have to reef a lot. I take this as an implication that *Penelope* is overcanvassed and payback for my indirect, but none-the-less indelicate, reference to our boats' relative speeds. But maybe I am being over sensitive.

In my various discourses with other sailors, I have noted that an amazing number of them will tell you that they grew up on catboats or had one when they were kids, or words to that effect. I hope this has to do with the fact that at one time there were more catboats for people to grow up on. But sometimes I think these owners of larger or more modern boats are saying that catboat sailing is something which, with the passage of time, should be outgrown. Again I'm probably being oversensitive. In any case the best revenge is to quietly demonstrate that passing years and changing fashions have in no way diminished the catboat's surprising and still outstanding capabilities.

As we draw nearer to Buckle Island and the Casco Passage the breeze begins to falter and the relative difference in speed between *Penelope* and her heavier companion becomes greater; we begin much more perceptibly to draw away. Again the unnatural looking wave appears at the H-28's bow and she motors past us and away, leaving *Penelope* wallowing in her wake.

We arrive at the Passage and ghost through with an assist from about a half a knot of current. With so little wind now we think about calling it a day and heading into Buckle Harbor which is just to the south off the Passage. It's a lovely, well-sheltered spot with good holding ground and no human habitation or other works of man anywhere to be seen. When the tide is right, it's also one of the few spots left where we can gather a dinner of fresh mussels in no time. But there were a couple of large powerboats in there already, and powerboats usually don't make good neighbors in small anchorages. I go there for moonlight and the smell of spruce, and on lucky nights, the call of the loon. Seeing the glare of TV reflected on the water from a lofty deckhouse window somehow detracts from the experience.

Passing between Asa Island to starboard and Black to port into Blue Hill Bay we must

take cognizance of the fact that what little wind there is has started to come around to the NE which puts our intended destination of Pretty Marsh dead to windward. With light wind and tidal currents which will soon turn against us too, getting there anywhere near nightfall is unlikely. Displaying a fine sense of humor, Mother Nature has added an extra touch; she has placed a new fog bank over in that direction also.

The easiest anchorage to get to would still be Buckle Harbor, now downwind, but we have definitely ruled that out. With the NE breeze definitely strengthening now, I have a new idea. Back through the Casco Passage we will go only this time on the north side, close by Black and Opeechee Islands. Once through there it is only a short hop across Jericho Bay into the Eggemoggin Reach, that long, sheltered passage which separates Deer Isle from the mainland and runs between Jericho and East Penobscot Bays. Once in the Reach, there are any number of places to anchor for the night. The anchorage off WoodenBoat in Brooklin, Center Harbor, and the Benjamin River all offer attractions and, for that matter, we can anchor almost anywhere along the shores of the entire Reach where the depths are suitable and the holding ground is good.

So, once again we reverse direction and head west. This day now surely qualifies as the most aimless cruising day I have ever spent. It's OK though. I'm in full accord with those who say it's not "getting there" that matters, but time spent "out there". We've had some good sailing in some of the most beautiful waters in the world. What difference does it make if we wind up in Pretty Marsh or the Benjamin River?

The Casco Passage is actually two passages, one north and one south around a long line of ledges that run east and west between them. The northern passage which runs between Opeechee and off-lying rocks, and the afore-mentioned ledges, becomes quite narrow in places. Moving west, *Penelope* finds herself in just about the narrowest spot there is when the breeze, which has been blowing very nicely, stops suddenly. With 100 yards separating sunken ledges on either side of us, it is not the best place to be becalmed. The timing quickly becomes less good when I glance to the north and observe massive blue-black thunderheads building, and raining down lightning bolts in the distance. To be in this narrow spot in a calm is inconvenient; to be here in a major thunderstorm could be downright dangerous. I decide that, if worst comes to worst, I will douse the sail and do some serious anchoring, something for which *Penelope* is amply equipped.

While I awaited developments, I noticed a large powerboat of the type locally known as "picnic boats" bearing down on me from the west. Traditionally a kind of elegant yacht on lobsterboat lines, these have long been popular in the watering holes of the rich like Northeast and Southwest Harbors. Of late they have become ever bigger and sleeker, some of them even going to the kind of jet drive that was used on fast patrol boats in Viet Nam. Traditionally picnic boats have been associated with old money and good manners, but no doubt Hinckley and the other builders will sell them to anyone who can come up with the cash. This one was running at around 25 knots and, as he approached, it was clear he wasn't going to slow down. Dead in the water, I could only watch him come and wonder how close he

would cut it. Pretty close indeed. *Penelope* practically stood on end in his massive wake. Gear crashed above and below, and I could hear things breaking in the cabin.

I lurched up in the cockpit and shouted out something very rude which they no doubt could not hear over the whine of their machinery. This roar of rage was accompanied by a gesture, equally rude, whose meaning, I'm sure, did make it across the water. The skipper, up forward in his sleek wheelhouse never looked in my direction, but his young and attractive female companion who was sitting aft in the cockpit surely did. She looked quite dismayed, terrified even. I hoped I had helped her understand what an idiot her boyfriend was, but more likely she was just aghast at the kind of foaming at the mouth, obscenely gesturing old savages she could encounter while out for a harmless day afloat.

As the picnic boat quickly dwindled to a speck on the horizon and *Penelope* settled back down, we started moving to the westward again. Our following breeze was reviving nicely. Meanwhile the ominous thunderheads to the north seemed stationary. Squalls were howling, lightning bolts were raining down and hail was crashing, but not, I'm happy to say, on us.

We reached the anchorage off the WoodenBoat School at an hour or so before sunset and decided that we had had enough for one day. Ignoring a whole raft of mooring buoys marked "guest" we anchored a hundred yards outside the mooring area in about 20' at low water. During a previous visit to WoodenBoat I had been disappointed to learn that "guest" doesn't mean "guest" at all, but "rental". Pick up the "guest" mooring and they hit you for \$15 in the morning. Somebody should tell them there is a difference...

I was letting out some more scope on my anchor when a nastily pitched voice came from somewhere behind me, braying, "Hey you! Don't you know that you can't anchor here?" Well, just for starters, I don't take very well to being called "hey you!" And who was this unmannerly lout trying to lay some kind of exclusive claim to the sea bottom which, as we all know, belongs to everyone? It was too much.

"What the hell do you mean, I can't anchor here," I began and went on in that vein at some length. By comparison the people in the picnic boat got off easy. In fact a lot of the spleen I was directing aft at my unknown interlocutor was left over from that earlier episode.

Then I turned around and there in a dinghy close by was my friend John from Swan's Island who, along with his bride of a year or so, was having a good laugh at my expense. Well, they really got to me with that one.

John and Judy were going to get a ride to an inn in Brooklin and have dinner. I thought of joining them, but as a heavy fog rolled in off the Reach, I thought better of it. Anchored quite a way off shore, I might have difficulty finding *Penelope* in that pea soup. It would be late at night when, mellowed by good food and drink, I would have to row out into the swirling mists... No, I'd done it many times before, but it was never a very good idea. Besides I hadn't been out long enough to miss shore food. Steak, fried potatoes and green peas topped off with a bottle of good Cotes du Rhone did just fine aboard. It had been a pretty good day after all. Cradled and lulled by the gentle dances *Penelope* was performing around her anchor, I drifted off into sweet dreams. The whole Mid-Maine coast lay ahead.

West Harbor is perhaps my favorite cruising ground on Fishers Island. In the prevailing southwesterly wind it delightedly gives me a beat or close reach over Fishers Island Sound from my home at Groton Long Point, Connecticut, and an easy broad reach or run home at the end of the day. There were many such enjoyable cruises to remember but there was one that stands out in my mind even today.

I was 69 years old and single-handing my 23' Pearson Ensign sailboat from the Groton Long Point breakwater that October morning. The southerly wind that almost reached a boisterous Force 5 made the seas rough when I started out. *Spindrift* was heeling and swooping over the waves and I was whooping it up from the cockpit enjoying every minute. However, I soon had to put on my slicker as spray was flying aft from the bow. I headed southeast toward Flat Hammock Island and the West Harbor entrance buoy. It is about two miles across. I was as close hauled as I could get without pinching, fighting a strong easterly current.

The sea flattened out once I got behind Flat Hammock and the wind eased off to a good Force 4 from the southwest. As a result, I had a delightful upright sail into West Harbor, Fishers Island. At this time of year the harbor was almost deserted. There were not more than seven or eight boats at their permanent moorings, not at all like the busy summer season when the harbor was crowded with visiting yachtsmen and local boats. I used to watch the harbor from home and could see so many boats there that they were forced to anchor in the outer harbor, almost into Fishers Island Sound. West Harbor is a popular spot to stay overnight and is the jumping off point for Long Island Sound yachtsmen headed "down east."

I sailed all the way up to the gas dock getting a good look at a lapstrake, seagoing Anderson ketch anchored near there. Having to tack all the way in the narrow channel I guess I held up an inboard fishing boat that was following me in. The skipper passed me with a friendly wave when my last tack took me to the extremity of the channel. I enjoyed the splendid scenery and the beautiful weather so much I wanted to try my run again. I came about and with the wind at my back I headed down the channel toward the harbor entrance.

From the records at the Mystic Seaport Museum I learned more about the history of West Harbor. The extensive land to port was called the "Peninsula" in the '30s and '40s. I marveled at the trees and green growth that extended all the way up to North Hill. It was not always this way. Fishers Island can be a stormy location. A US Navy meteorological report described the lower Thames River as a "hurricane haven" that between 1886 and 1996 drew a total of 84 tropical storms and 32 hurricanes during that period.

The Great September gale of September 22-23, 1815, blew for 48 hours ending with a day-long, vicious southeast blow that kicked up a 17' storm surge and blew salt spray so far inland and so heavily that thousands of trees died and wells became brackish. Whole forests of trees were either broken down or torn up by the roots and were lying across each other. The storm stripped the Islands hills naked. They remained that way for more than a century. History tells us that a panoramic photograph taken from Reservoir Hill in about 1910 showed fewer mature trees than sailboats moored in Hay and West Harbors.

20 Years of Cruising on Fishers Island and Long Island Sounds

Part 3

Cruise to West Harbor, Fishers Island, New York

with a Bit of History and Nostalgia

By Lionel Taylor

It also tells us that Charles B. Ferguson, who was born on the Island in 1918, a long-time resident and painter, wrote in 2000: "Sixty years ago the only real woods were three small groves at the mid and east ends of the Island. The former openness and Long Island vistas were more paintable for me than they are for me now. Until the 1950s, Fishers had the look of Ireland; stone walls, few trees, and windswept moors." Since then, with attention given to new plantings, many of them from seeds blown in by the 1938 hurricane, trees have returned Fishers to its pre-1815 foliage.

I got a little concerned in the channel and mooring field when my depth sounder failed to function, as it turned out temporarily, probably from seaweed on the sender or a weak battery, something I'd have to check when the day's cruise was over. As I proceeded down the channel I noticed Darby's Cove to the east able to be navigated only by small power boats and rowboats. The cove was truly deserted at this time of year with only two upside down pulling boats littering the shore. On the west side was the Inner Harbor guarded by Goose Island.

Due north is what the old timers called the "real harbor." I watched people walking on the road ashore as I passed through several of the beautiful International One Design (IOD) class boats swinging on their moorings apparently anxious to go for one last sail before they had to be pulled ashore for the winter. The International One Design has a long-time history that began a little later in the season, a week after Christmas 1936 to be exact. It was then that Cornelius Shields, the man responsible for the class, rigged *Aileen* (named for his daughter) and sailed from City Island, New York, to the Larchmont Yacht Club. "I don't think I've ever had a more joyous day on the water," Shields recalled years later. "The boat was a delight to handle and balanced perfectly."

Shields was inspired to create the IOD class in 1935 when he inspected a particularly attractive Six Meter class sloop in Bermuda. *Saga*, owned by Kenneth and Eldon Trimmingham, had been designed and built by Bjame Aas in Norway. Shields was bewitched by her full-length planks, noting that the glued on edged seams were so invisible her topsides shone "like the side of a porcelain bathtub." He'd been seeking a boat to replace the 29' Sound Interclub, then the most competitive class on western Long Island Sound. Newer, faster designs threatened the future of the Interclub, which was designed in 1926, but a new Six Meter was beyond the means of most racers during the Depression.

Shields commissioned Aas to design and build a fleet of one design sloops that would be smaller, lighter, beamier, and more affordable

than a "Six" while retaining the more graceful long overhangs of that class. The 33'5" IOD measures 21'5" on the load waterline with a beam of 6'9" and a draft of 5'6". Displacement is 7,100lbs with four 100lbs of ballast balancing a 45' mast and 466sf of sail. The first 25 boats (priced at \$2,670 each) were delivered to City Island in December, 1936 and racing commenced in the spring.

There are ten active IOD fleets, in Bermuda, Norway, Sweden, Scotland, California, Northeast Harbor, Maine, Long Island Sound, Fishers Island, New York, Marblehead, and Nantucket, Massachusetts. Class champions who went on to America's Cup and ocean racing success include Bob Bavier, Bill Cox, Arthur Davis, George Hinman, Ted Hood, Arthur Knapp, Bill Luders, Bus Mosbacher, (eight-time US champion) and George O'Day. The IOD is the first one design class to be officially recognized as a "Classic Yacht" by the International Sailing Foundation (ISAY). Best of all, Chris Hood and Chris Stirling at C.W. Hood Yachts in Marblehead can still build you a new "International."

The Island's burgeoning commercial port was an adventure as late as the 1880s. This was West Harbor, which was often called Great Hay Harbor to reflect one of the Island's main exports in the early years. In the 1880s the harbor was a busy place. Steam ferries called several times a day, fishing boats came out of Pirates Cove to the east, barges serviced the Sage Brick Works on the harbor's southeast shore and there was a small anchorage for the big steam yachts that could not fit in shallow Little Hay Harbor on the west coast. Yet as busy as it was, West Harbor, from its inner shore out to and across its wide, treacherous rock strewn mouth, was marked by only one government buoy located off North Hill. Today, the area has 11 buoys, six of them in the harbor mouth alone.

Following years of appeals by businessmen, the Island's proprietors, and elected officials, the Lighthouse Service in 1889 finally agreed to put out more buoys. With these new aids to navigation, West Harbor became more accessible not only to commercial vessels but also to yachts. As the years went by, service to commercial vessels continued to grow. Boats traversing the Sounds grew larger and more powerful and with the introduction of more powerful engines the need for fuel increased. While the original *Clermont* carried a dozen cord of wood, the fast steamers on the Sound needed so much fuel that they could not carry all of it. Instead of putting into a port to reload, they would pick up a wood sloop off Fishers Island and refuel without stopping. Competition forced the captains of the early Sound steamers to resort to such devices. Of course, coal would have occupied much less room, but coal firing was tried successfully only in 1836. After that, it spread rapidly, replacing wood in a few years.

West Harbor has also served as the recipient of stranded crews from Island groundings. Typical is the story of the steamer *C. Vanderbilt* (named for shipping and railroad tycoon Cornelius Vanderbilt) which was making a run from New York to Stonington where the New England trains terminated when a strong blizzard closed in and triggered a near catastrophe that luckily killed no one. Uncertain of his position, the captain anchored, but the rode snapped and the *Vanderbilt* drifted onto the Island between Race Point and Silver Eel Pond.

All 71 passengers and the crew were safely taken off the stranded vessel as the captain trudged through the snow in search of rescue. Ox-drawn wagons eventually arrived to carry them to West Harbor (which a survivor called "the Mecca of all our hopes") only to discover that the rescue ship had run aground. The frustrated captain eventually found some fishing boats to ferry everyone to Stonington.

I left West Harbor with regret leaving Hawks Nest Point to port and turned in a northwesterly direction that would eventually lead me into Long Island Sound. Across the harbor to starboard lay Clay Point which in the 1850-1860s used a "house on the hill" as part of the Sailing Directions to West Harbor from a marker in the middle of Fishers Island Sound. Without a buoyage system such as we have today and with the rocky coastline of Fishers Island as it is, ship captains needed some sort of bearing to enable them to make a safe landing ashore. The same Sailing Directions also used North Hill to port and Clay Point to starboard to make an approach to West Harbor from the east.

I sailed by Flat Hammock to starboard. To my left hand lay the north shore of Fishers Island. I left to port a flashing red buoy, R#6, that marked the treacherous rocky shore that years ago was not buoyed and must have caused some ship groundings in fog for the unobservant ship captains. In 1800 a man in the business of laying out privately owned navigation buoys had this to say about Fishers Island Sound: "There are some small bunches of rocks in the Sound that are covered at high water and are much in the way of people coming into the Sound who are not well acquainted with them." Such a warning of the Sound's timeless dangers might still be issued today, when there are many government marks but two centuries ago, in a time of official indifference to mariners, Fishers Island Sound was a minefield. Only a few rocks were marked with lengths



of iron called spindles if they carried identification marks, or spears if they were naked, but even if they were not bent or swept away by storms or ice both were useless in poor visibility because they were not lit. A point of land might be marked by a beacon which was nothing more than a pile of rocks on which fires were lit. The first lighthouses at the western entrances to the Sound were New London in 1760 and Watch Hill in 1807. Stonington Point got a light in 1823 but most of the channels and harbors within the Sound remained unmarked for decades even though thousands of ships and boats were passing by the reefs every year from the early century on. The rocks off North Point were the only hazard marked by a buoy in those days.

I had a lovely beat. I loved to sail close-hauled in a good breeze out to Bell Buoy #2 off North Point, passing by South Dumpling Island (called South Hammock in the early days). South Dumpling is covered with trees

and bushes and only populated by flocks of bird residents. The cacophony and guano smell is most noticeable.

I made the turn for home leaving North Dumpling Lighthouse to starboard. This Island has a permanent resident for most of the year with only his boats and windmill to keep him company. North Dumpling was first lit in 1849 and with occasional rebuilding and refitting, continues to provide nighttime guidance to mariners. I had a lazy run back to the Groton Long Point breakwater where the wind picked up and made preparations for entering the harbor difficult. I seldom sail in because of the incoming and outgoing boat traffic or adverse weather conditions. This time the wind had picked up to a strong Force 5 that made getting my jib and mainsail down and my 4hp outboard overboard a job for a singlehander. Under power at last, I was glad to see my dinghy swinging at the mooring awaiting my arrival.

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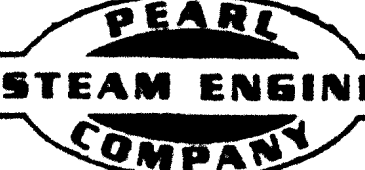
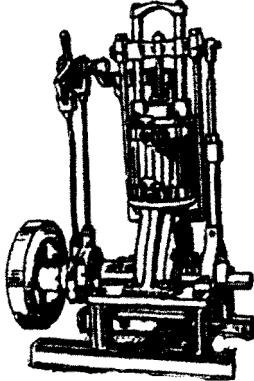
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I made this trip on the Solway from Kippford to Gamelsby, or Scotland to England, from August 30 to September 3, 2008. I used O/S maps Nos. 84 & 85 and I have given the distances in kilometres as it is simple to count the squares!

I am new to sailing. I am currently learning on a Mirror dinghy and I have crewed on some DCA boats, but I have been a sea kayaker for a number of years and enjoy the sea in all its forms. I did this trip as a reconnaissance for when I own my own sailboat (hopefully this winter), as the Solway will be my sailing area.

This part of the Solway has very few sailboats these days and perhaps the reason for this is the dangerous tide races that enter and leave it, as well as the shifting sandbanks. I know these tide races from my kayaking; my area is normally from Port Carlisle to Rockcliffe and the River Eden all the way to Carlisle, as well as Moricambe Bay and the River Wampool east of Silloth. The tide race on the Solway Firth has its own bore and its own peculiarities. It can enter the estuary at high speeds and pick you up and spin you around. According to the half-netters there is a whirlpool that is dangerous, and I have experienced 3-4 tide races on top of one another. The tide can fill a 7m deep channel in 10-15 minutes. This is all amazing to see and experience but it has caused fatalities. There is a monument there to an army of Edward the 1st which was drowned by the incoming tide as it was trying to invade Scotland.

At the start of my trip in Scotland at Kippford I happened to glance at an Admiralty chart of the Solway and the eastern corner of the Solway Firth was a white blank, probably because the sand banks are never constant. The channels get shallow quickly and can leave boats stranded or worse, and after a strong high tide a sand bar can move to a new spot, so maps would be out of date after the next high tide. I have paddled over sand bars by edging the kayak and it would take a shallow draft on a boat to get over some of them. An owner of the only sailboat I have seen there tells me that three hours is the maximum he gets out of the tides before it gets too shallow for his bilge-keeled 19' yacht. When there is a 7m tide the sea engulfs the vegetation of the Rockcliffe Marshes that divide Scotland and England, but this still would be too shallow to make a straight crossing; one must go around the marshes and use the tides pass in and out of the estuary. The area between Kippford and Bowness-on-Solway

With Great Britain's Dinghy Cruisers

From Scotland to England in a Kayak

By Kevin Tilbury
Reprinted from *DCA Bulletin* #202

(Kevin joined the DCA after meeting Stuart Calcutt on this trip. He is making the transition from kayak to cruising dinghy, and this cruise account includes his introduction to the DCA).

was new to me and it held some surprises.

Sunday 31 August, Scotland, Kippford to Sandyhills (roughly 7km): I camped on the grass at Kippford and as the tide was flowing I packed the kayak and headed out in the rain, saying goodbye to Stuart Calcutt, a DCA member who was there in his self-built, junk-rigged sailboat *Karmatoo*. I am quite interested in junk rigs and as we'd chatted he had spoken of the DCA and how it could suit me and allow me to meet like-minded people.

I headed out by the main channel of Kippford via Glen Isle and Rough Island where the bay dries out all the way to Castlehill Point at low tide. There is a coastal footpath to Kippford if one needs to get to town after being caught high and dry. The rain stopped and I made good time out to Castlehill Point, then I turned to port and was greeted with the beautiful cliffs of Barclay Hill that run straight down to the sea. They have been clearly battered over the years by the strong seas and winds, which gives an indication of how rough this area can be. There is no shelter along the cliffs if one needs to pull in, and I would not recommend anchoring along this coast due to its being a lee shore, unless one can squeeze between the rocks that lead to sheltered and secluded inlets.

Continuing east the sea was calm and I made good progress, reaching Port O'Warren with the more dramatic cliffs of Cow's Snout and Gillis Craig. Port O'Warren has a good sheltered bay for a short halt but offers no real protection in high winds from the south.

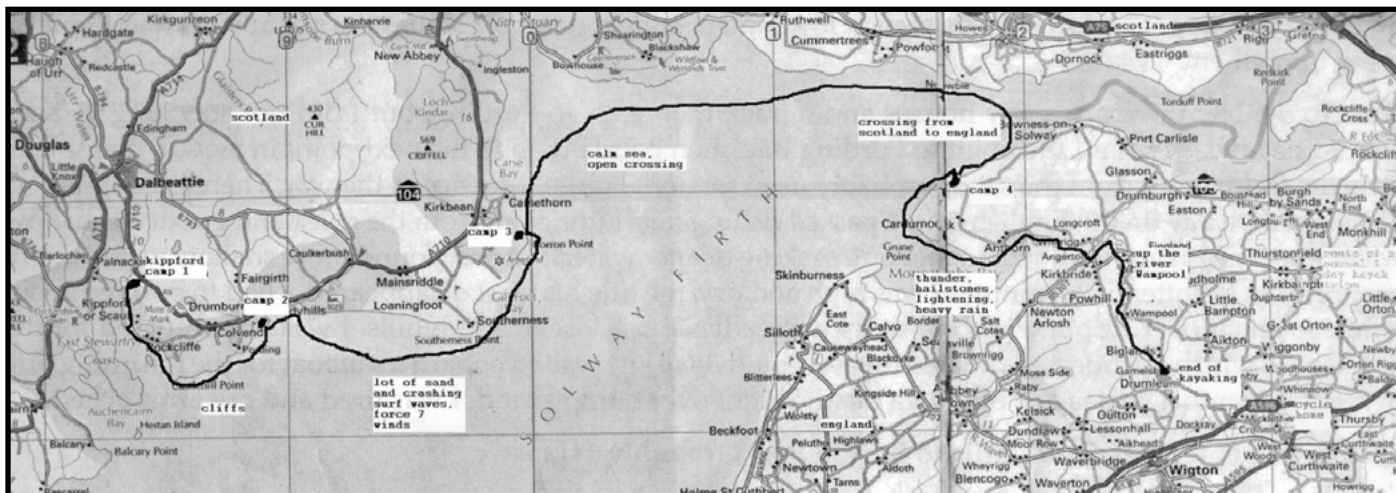
There is a shingle beach so it is no good for boats without bilge keels. I am planning to buy a lifting keel boat and I am thinking of ways that I can protect the hull when drying out, or something that can be attached to the hull just before it dries out that would give the boat a cushion and more berthing possibilities. These waters are murky, and although larger rocks could be seen at low water, shingle or larger stones are not apparent until one is lying upon them.

Next to the bay there are a few houses and a track that leads to Portling, but I did not stay long. After a snack I headed off round the point to Portling Bay, then paddled on to the next point in view, a man-made structure jutting out from the sand, probably used for aerial target practice in the war. There is another one at Moricambe Bay on the English side. I passed fishing nets jutting out from the coast and I noticed shallow water underneath me. I headed further out, seeking deeper water, but only found more shallow water, then a surprise, in a matter of 20 minutes I was high and dry, the tide had just disappeared. I had to portage about a mile to shore over rippling sand to camp at Needles Eye, close to Sandyhills. I was not prepared for the speed with which the tide had drained away. I could have just waited aboard a sailboat for the returning tide in relative comfort, instead of pulling a dead weight over bumpy sand. I was tired and my arms ached.

Monday 1 September, Sandyhills to Boffon Point (roughly 14km): I awoke in the night to hear the sea gurgling only feet away from my tent. I thought I had left enough height above the tide but it was not high enough for comfort. Luckily there was no on-shore wind and I had several metres of rocks to shelter me.

At Kippford I had heard that Monday was bringing F5-6 winds. I tried out my home-made sponsons. These are air bags either side of the cockpit strapped to the lines. A belt goes underneath the hull and is fixed to the second air bag. I mention these sponsons as I intend to make larger versions to fix to my boat to help stabilize it at night for when I have to sleep onboard. The sponsons offered me great stability in the seas that day. I later found out that the winds were F6-7 and I experienced crashing surf and lots of white tops in close sequence. Without these air bags I would have been flipped many times.

I heard the incoming tide before I saw it and it filled the Mersehead Sands very quickly. I made fast progress to the other side. I was





The coast near Kippford.

looking for the Boneland Burn that snakes inland, but could not see it, and then I struck bottom again. The wind had picked up and the small white tops were pushing me into the land. I headed back into the wind (south) but again I found only sand; it seemed it went on for miles and the sea never got any deeper. I had to edge the kayak, as well as take the white tops on my starboard beam. This area would be too shallow for a boat in such seas. I eventually rounded the point of Preston Merse at Mersehead Plantin and found deeper water, but not deep enough to reduce drag, and I could still touch the bottom with my paddle. Now I was beam-on to the waves and I was quite far out from the land. I am a coast hugger. I like to see land and know that if I came out I could swim ashore if need be, but I was about one mile out and encountering large waves that broke over the kayak and often onto my body and they would certainly have entered an open dinghy.

By late afternoon I reached Southernness Point, which has a name for crashing waves and dramatic scenes. There are shops and a caravan park near by. I beached on the west of the point and had a walk round to see if it was feasible to portage, as I did not fancy paddling around the point as the waves were too big and a line of rocks jutted out into the sea which would make it dangerous if I was capsized. It all looked very turbulent, breaking seas on the backs of large ebbing swells. What would a dinghy have done?

The thought of dragging a heavy kayak even with wheels over a gravel track seemed more difficult than being bounced around in a F7 wind, so in the end I returned to sea and paddled around. The surf looked worse than it was. It was big, and crashed down on my head, but I kept the kayak pointing into it and ferry-glided round to the rocks and main channel. I made a quick turn and let the swells take me towards a small corridor between the rocks and the ebb tide. It must have been ten minutes before I realized I was not going anywhere. The swell brought me forward and the ebb took me out again and the sea was jumping all around me. I was getting tired and I had to battle to get past the rocks and stay away from the strong ebb.

Once past this corridor I paddled another two miles in relatively calm seas through Gillfoot Bay, and just before Borron Point the tide disappeared again. I emptied the kayak in stages as the sand gave way to shallow soft mud then I pulled the empty kayak around the point out of the wind to another world that was calm, sunny and warm! It was

not a good place to camp, though. There was very little grass, no amenities or fresh water and I was knackered. I found a freshly-cut hayfield. During the night it thundered and the sky was illuminated with sheet lightning right above my head.

Tuesday 2 September, Borron Point to Cardumock Flatts (roughly 24km): In the morning there was good sunny weather with no wind. The tide did not race that morning, it plodded along slowly and gently, creeping over the sands and odd patches of shingle. As the weather was good I decided to go across Carse Sands and miss out the mouth of the River Nith. I edged out down the coast to Carsethorn and turned to starboard across the sands, noticing a small yacht anchored in Carse Bay. This was my second sighting of a yacht in this area. Carse Bay offers a good anchorage to explore the beautiful village of New Abbey, or with the right boat one could sail up the tidal river of New Abbey Pow and moor close by it.

Out in the middle of Carse Sands I could see the tide advancing not behind me but coming towards me! It must have circled around and doubled back upon itself. I was crossing a shallow sand bar and there was some movement that broke the surreal feeling of moving over mercury. I could have got out and walked, it was so shallow, yet I was two or three miles out.

The wind freshened and white tops appeared again on my starboard beam; what I thought was a rising tide must have been something else, as I could not understand why it was so shallow. It was slow progress heading east with a southerly wind and a breaking sea hitting me every few seconds. If I had capsized I could have got out and walked, but being so far out and in seas as unpredictable as these I did not fancy the idea. Eventually I found deeper water. One moment I was touching ground and the next I was in deep water and larger surf. I did not see land clearly so I missed the inlet of Lochar Water that I had hoped would be a possible future anchorage spot, so I kept on going east and trying to get closer to the shore.

After Powfoot I began to encounter shallow water again. I did not want to camp just yet so I headed out into the middle of Priest-side Bank and south of Howgarth Scar, but with depth came the strong ebbing tide and I was making little progress. I began to recognize various landmarks. I wanted to camp at the mouth of the River Annan, possibly at Waterfoot which I have read about, and seen old photos of gaff-rigged Solway Shrimpers

there in the 19th century. Fishermen and various pleasure and work craft have used that area extensively throughout the ages, but sadly now it is nearly all gone. At least the area was more boat-friendly, as the channel between England and Scotland was still passable at low tide.

I did not find the mouth at Waterfoot. I decided to make the crossing to England while the weather was good and when the tide was out. I did not want to leave it to chance the next day because if the weather was bad I would have to contend with a strong tide surge. I turned north at Annan Waterfoot just before the mouth over the calm ebbing tide. Years before I had dreaded this crossing and I had put it off because I knew what the tide was like, but my first crossing was calm and serene. I made it to England and beached on soft sand just west of the defunct railway viaduct that used to span the Solway, until the Solway decided it had had enough and shifted its sands with the help of the force of the tides. I beached near High West Scar and camped on the flat grass near North Plain Farm. I was tired as I pitched the tent, and it rained and blew a gale in the night.

Wednesday 3 September, Cardumock Flatts to Gamelsby (roughly 19km): The next morning I pulled the kayak west over the saltings to the mouth of Moricambe Bay. Moricambe Bay will also be my sailing area, especially at the mouth of the Bay where there is a low sandy shelf on entering and a good mooring to the south of Grune Point. The going was not so bad. At least it was firm underfoot, but it was a long way along Cardumock Flatts, avoiding tractor and sheep tracks, watery holes and small streams. Eventually I started on my final day's paddling near aerial masts near Cardumock. I was preparing the sponsons when the tide raced in round the back of me and I had to jump in the cockpit and battle against it and the wind or I would have been pushed back to where I had camped and past where I had spent all morning portaging.

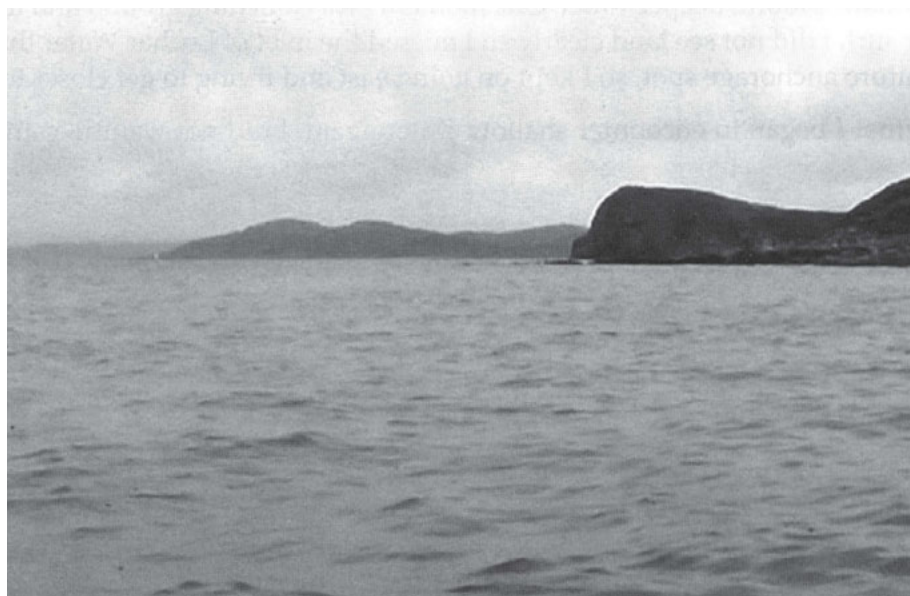
I rounded Longdyke Scar but it was a slow journey. I had put the sponsons on as I knew this area from previous journeys and the east shore can be a bad lee shore. Today the tide was high and it came over the saltings stranding a flock of sheep that were pressed against the barbed wire. A big black rain cloud dropped its contents as I was just about past Anthom. Sheet lightning and thunder was right above my head, the rain bounced off the water creating a mist and making the waves indiscernible. I made an

energetic dash for the shore, hoping it would not become forked lightning. After that the temperature dropped and the wind brought hailstones. I was very tired and cold as I got to the bridge near Whitrigglees.

The last leg of my journey was up the River Wampool that snakes and doubles back on itself, a beautiful river, tidal as far as The Laythes then the water changes from murky to clear. It is hard to get up this river due to the high sand banks just past Anthom but it is well worth a look on high tides. I finally reached Gamelsby village where I pulled the kayak out on a bank full of nettles, and then pulled it four miles home.c

For More Information About the DCA

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Looking along the Solway coast.

The usual reason for going out in *Solid Waste* was to try to catch fish. We were not going to water ski, snorkel, scuba or sunbathe like so many of the ads in boating magazines usually showed the perfect American family doing. No, the easiest excuse to come up with was to fish. It did not matter if we caught anything or not, it was just a reason to be out and on the water. Sometimes we caught a few and brought them home and had supper but usually we just fed them the rather expensive bait that we had bought for the occasion. There is something primitive and primal in the act of seeking food. And the casual sport fisherman becomes addicted to it. On one occasion we managed to succeed beyond our usual amount.

It started out as a normal late afternoon to early evening outing and we dropped the famous flying tin anchor out beyond Bakers Island in the area between Halfway Rock and Newcomb's Ledge. It was quite deep (over 100') and the pieced together collection of salvaged rope was not long enough to give us good scope so we hauled it in and just drifted. The first thing I felt a tug from felt quite heavy and I eagerly began reeling it in but about halfway up it got lighter and stopped fighting. When the hook came into sight it held a small red perch or cunner. I am not sure whether they are the same or not but it was a rather small fish not over a pound and less than a foot long. I wondered about keeping one so small but D.J. said that they were good in a chowder, gave it a nice flavor he said, but it had a bite out of the side of it about the size of a grape.

This act was repeated several times and finally I brought in the answer to the mystery. A small squid about 8"-10" long in the body had managed to snag one of its tentacles on a hook and was not able to release itself as the surface approached. Squid are equipped with a beak about as large as a parrot and quite strong. It was this that was biting onto the

Adventures in *Solid Waste* Part 9

By Henry Szostek
(Massachusetts North Shore)

smaller fish that were hooked. We continued to fish there until we had several of each in the bucket. If a squid is placed on a surface it tries to change into that color to camouflage itself. Well, when the surface is a grey deck the squid runs the whole spectrum over and over again trying to find just the right shade of nothing but usually fails. Watching the show was something like the scene in the movie *Peter Pan* where Tinkerbell is dying and her light is fading. Well after such a performance I just had to take them home and eat them. I felt I owed it to them. Rather good eating I thought.

We moved inshore a bit to around Gales Ledge and tried our luck there. It was there that the codfish lived and we began hauling in a good number of nice-sized ones until the deck was covered with them. About every third fish we caught was something called a sculpin, also called a sea robin, usually a little over a foot in length but about the ugliest thing in the sea. They are covered with warts and look like a pile of seaweed with an attitude. They had horns and bulging eyes and many spines on their fins and they growled and vibrated when laid on the deck. These we threw back thinking that anything that ugly could not be good to eat.

In our fishing trips we had caught a wide variety of fish, some put up a good fight and came into the boat with more fight than we wanted on the deck, like bluefish which kept flipping around an trying to bite us for a long time unless we had a bluefish billy with

which to calm them down. A few smacks on the top of the noggin would usually put one to sleep but it took a good hard blow, maybe two or three, but it eventually laid still. Codfish, on the other hand, came into the boat like wet sheep and just the merest tap on the front end of the fish left it with the most stunned expression on its face as if to say "I was going to lay still anyway, you didn't have to hit me you brute."

In time we had accumulated a fair number of fish and decided to call it a day. The question arose as to who did we know who would like the gift of a fine codfish on no notice with the fish is still quivering, just so we would not have to clean so many fish. Well there were not as many takers as we had hoped so we spent the rest of the night cleaning filleting and wrapping fish into freezer-sized packages and when we were done had enough frozen fish for quite a while. And the garden and compost pile had been enriched by a nice pile of fish guts, skins and bones. I love fish in any state but I think the fact that we caught them ourselves adds a little to the flavor, but not if we stop to calculate the actual cost per pound.

Now I know that there are those of you gentle readers out there who are asking, "Why did you not just use the catch and release method of sport fishing?" To me that makes about as much sense as going out to my garden and pulling up a carrot to take a picture of it and then putting it back in the ground. It looks to be just fine and it might survive if not allowed to dry out too much, but as carrots go, that one will never be the same. In my thinking on the subject the only reason to throw a fish back is if it is under legal size or it is something that is not good eating.

Well I'll get off my soapbox now. It was a long night of cleaning fish but another adventure was done and we were ready for the next one.

(To be Continued)

We retired in 1986 and in the spring of 1990 we drove from Raleigh to Oriental to look at sailboats. There were three that we liked. Next day we phoned the broker and made offers on all three at 80% of the asking prices. The offers were good for ten days with the condition that the first offer accepted cancelled the other two offers. An hour later we were the proud owners of a 33' Cape Dory. We named her *Summer Wind*.

During the next ten years we cruised our North Carolina coastal waters and went to the Chesapeake twice. I took two short ocean cruises, one to Charleston and one to Ocracoce around Cape Lookout on a cold November night.

In August of 1999, Hurricane Daniel came roaring through and brought us a big shock. *Summer Wind* was berthed at a marina on the south side of the Neuse River across from Oriental. The marina, to protect its docks, required all boats to anchor out in adjacent creeks whenever a hurricane was forecast. We had anchored out maybe six or seven times and had come through some strong storms without mishap.

This time was different. For some reason I did not go up the creek as far as usual, and also I used shorter scope for my Fortress and Bruce anchors. Complacent? Lazy?

The storm came across the river and straight up the creek with a fetch of maybe six miles. With the 7' depth the waves must have been horrific. First Mate thinks another boat broke loose and hit us, causing *Summer Wind* to break loose.

The winds were 80 to 90 knots. I think the Fortress line forced the chock lock open, jumped out of the chock and chafed in two. Then Big Bruce let go and off went *Sum-*

The Saga of *Summer Wind*

By Jim Barnhill
(Raleigh, North Carolina)

mer Wind and was impaled on dock pilings. Down she went in brackish water. Next day we saw only her mast, boom and part of her cabin top above water. Ugh!

Insurance paid off fairly well. It took a week to get salvage started. It seemed to me in my state of shock that she was not worth salvaging but she had to be removed from the dock pilings. Daniel had gone halfway across the state to Greensboro, dallied a bit and then had come back on the same path in the form of warm rain on salvage day.

Salvage was interesting. *Summer Wind* was up against the dock so we could easily get to her. A scuba diver rigged heavy deflated plastic bags with rope slings under the bow and stern. She rested on the mud bottom. She had weighed nine tons dry but was now full of water. Next the salvors rigged an air compressor and water pump and commenced pumping air into the bags and water out of the boat. The scuba diver fastened a couple of 4"x8" plywood sheets over the holes with a pneumatic drill, crude but effective.

After a couple of hours the air in the huge bags very slowly lifted her out of the suction of the mud and *Summer Wind* was afloat again. When all the remaining water was pumped out the salvage company rigged a strong temporary bilge pump and towed her to Morehead City about 20 miles away.

The salvage company told us which marina she was in and a couple of weeks later we visited her. She was in the yard so I climbed aboard. Nothing had been done. Inside was a stinking muddy mess. There were three huge holes through the hull aft on the port side. I estimated the holes at about a foot and a half in diameter. It really hurt to see her like that and I had this awful sense of guilt and loss.

But wait! Like Lazarus, *Summer Wind* was to be raised from the dead. The insurance company had sold her at auction. A couple bought her, the husband worked for a yacht builder. We called them and took them our documentation.

Two months later they invited us down to see her. They had stripped out her insides, including the wooden hull liner strips and cleaned her spotless. There was absolutely no odor. He had repaired the hull and my eye could detect no imperfection in the curve of the hull. The laminated teak plywood interior was sound. He had repeatedly flushed and run the almost new Yanmar, and it ran perfectly. I could hardly believe it. Later he did replace some seals.

The couple kept her name, *Summer Wind*. They planned to retire on her to Florida and the Bahamas. We wished them every happiness and good fortune.

Time went by and we missed *Summer Wind* and boating. Several times I almost bought another boat but then decided not to. I was sixty-six and a bad back was slowly getting worse, plus my wife said that ten years was enough for her and she was retiring.

Still, like Jimmy Carter, I lusted in my heart. My lust, however, was for a West Wight Potter 19. Twice I almost bought one. I still yearn for one.

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Back when I was a younger man and father of some pretty small children there was a Lake Nokomis Sailing Club. It was at that time a very active group. They called themselves a sailing club rather than yacht club or any other grandiose name. No one wore uniforms. We had no Commodore. We were just a bunch of guys who loved to sail.

The group was split between racers and everyone else. We raced Sunfish types on Wednesday evenings and Sunday mornings. The rules were pretty loose, a boat had to have no more than 75sf of sail and it had to be a lateen rig. The fleet consisted of Sunfish, Sailfish, and other generic boats that looked sort of like the Sunfish. I sailed a Funfish, as did one other racer. These were home-built boats built from a *Mechanics Illustrated* plan.

After the Sunday race most of the racers packed up and went home or on to other activities. I guess that many racers the world over still do just that. I came to the lake to sail. When the race was over my bride would gather up the kids and we would enjoy a picnic before the afternoon folk would show up.

The sailing area unfortunately has been moved but in the '60s all the moorings were in a bay at the northwest corner of the lake. There was a T-shaped dock large enough that several sailboats at a time could find spots on the downwind side of the dock. There was a sand beach about 150' long that provided lots of room for a fleet of racers to rig up their boats. Parking was never a problem. Most of us trailer sailors would find a spot in the broken-down curb and push our trailers down to the water's edge by hand and lift the boats off and onto the sand. Our trailers would then be parked in a group with other trailers until we were ready to go home. There was some playground equipment just to the south of the sail-

The Rhodes 19

By Mississippi Bob Brown
(Apple Valley, Minnesota)

ing area and that worked well for my bride as it was easier for her to watch the kids.

The Sunday afternoons became interesting. I got to know most of the sailors at the lake. Over a period of a couple of years I sailed on most of the boats at the lake either as a crew or as skipper. Every imaginable thing would show up at Lake Nokomis and I sailed most all of them at one time or another.

There were two boats that were elusive. They were the flagships of the fleet, sister ships both being Rhodes 19s. These were in my mind the most beautiful boats ever created. They were built of glass but built before most of the builders dropped the wood trim. Both of them gleamed with mahogany trim. I was in awe every time I saw the two of them right there at Nokomis. One owner was a very good sailor but he never offered to share his boat with anyone outside of family. The other one was owned by an insurance salesman, strictly a business type. He and his grown daughter would spend many evenings and Sundays on their boat grooming and rigging tied to the dock.

Names now escape me but let's call him Smith. Mr Smith was friendly but I never expected to be invited aboard. One day much to my surprise I not only got invited aboard but was offered a chance to skipper his boat. This was a near perfect sailing day and I had no hesitation to take him up on his offer. The boat was rigged and all we needed to do was to cast off the bow line and back away from the dock. I gave the tiller a push toward port

and the boat backed around and I managed to pick up a good starboard tack. We cleared the dock without a problem.

As we got out into the lake and out of the wind shadow we began to get a bit more wind. We were moving along quite well. I found that I could stand next to the tiller with my legs spread and my feet against the seat uprights. I felt rather like a real old salt in that position and felt very comfortable steering that way. As we beat our way to windward the wind increased enough that the boat began to heel, occasionally the water would come up on the deck. That's what coamings are for and the Rhodes had really nice ones all varnished mahogany. I was having a ball. This was a real boat and it sailed like a boat should.

The owner wasn't so happy. When we got back to the dock he informed me that he had never sailed his boat that way and he was really frightened with me at the helm. I never got invited on his boat again but he and his daughter continued to spend many hours each week enjoying their boat their way.

A year or so later the park board moved the sailing area. That killed the club. It was never the same at the other end of the lake. I lost track of Mr Smith and all the racers who had made the lake so much fun. The park did eventually build a small beach next to the launch ramp. They removed a section of the stone wall that made it nearly impossible to launch a Sunfish. They brought in a couple of truckloads of sand and built a small beach big enough for one or maybe two small boats to operate from. They built this in 2009, too little too late.

I still use Lake Nokomis a lot but mostly for canoeing as parking space near the sailing area is nearly impossible to find after about 9am and on weekends.

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I've heard it said that Californians deserve what they get when it comes to earthquakes. Since they don't get much in the way of tornadoes, or hurricanes, or blizzards, they should have to pay for all that sunshine and "laidbackness" somehow. So, earthquakes are pretty much a fact of life in the Golden State.

Now, I agree that most things shouldn't come for free and the month of January isn't exactly one of the most heavy usage periods for most folks with sailboats residing in the Conterminous 48. Back in the early 1990s I had the privilege to spend a great deal of time aboard my 30' sailboat in and around the ports and offshore waters of Ventura, Santa Barbara, Lost Angels, Orange, and San Diego Counties. As it turned out, my wife, Kate, wasn't so very keen on ocean sailing. Some of us never seem to get past the mal de mer, no matter how many Dramamine pills we take. And among our good friends Frank and Val (who also had a sister ship of our boat), only Val was the committed sailor. So, by mutual consent, Frank and Kate decided that if Val and I wanted to go "out there" and be wet, cold, and presumably miserable, we should just do that. So Val and I ended up sailing quite a few thousand miles either two boats single-handed or watch and watch on one of the pair.

As I was saying, most folks don't think of January as a prime sailing month. And, admittedly, Southern California can get pretty yucky "out there" on occasion. However, my old log indicates that mid-January 1994 was mostly foggy, gray, and more or less calm. This was about the time that I had started to daydream about making the transit north to San Francisco. Granted, this isn't what most would consider a pleasure run, and the legends of rounding Point Conception pretty much speak for themselves. Anyway, I got a bee in my bonnet that I should at least make a run out to Point C and take a look. Just to take a peek, not to actually go past. Just a looksee.

From my home port in Channel Islands Harbor, it's the better part of 60 nautical miles out to the Cape Horn of the Pacific. The rhumbline course is straight into the setting sun at plus or minus 270° magnetic. My boat, Raindance, was born with a big heart and a really small engine. Rock Crusher, as I came to name him, was an 11hp Kubota tractor engine genetically altered to be "marine" with raw water cooling and an aqualift muf-

California Dreamin'

By Dan Rogers
(Southern California)

fler/water injection exhaust cooling. At 10,000 pounds displacement, Raindance was a big girl to push around with less than a dozen ponies. We might get 5kts with all of them galloping, but something more like 4kts was a lot easier on everyone concerned.

So, it was about the middle of January 1994, calm and gray. Even under the best of circumstances, a 120-mile round trip at 4kts (or sometimes it might be possible to sail dead to windward at 5, 6, or even 7kts for twice the distance over the ground) was expected to put a major hole in a weekend. I signed Val on as crew and we shoved off straight into the groundswell, fog, and light winds of winter.

Along about late afternoon, Rock Crusher was still stolidly plodding along at about 4kts west of Santa Barbara and sort of inshore of the ship transit lanes. Gray, rolling sea blending with gray drifting fog off to port (due south). Steep cliffs and gentle surf a mile or so off to starboard (due north). We hadn't seen a ship in hours, or another small boat in half a day, just motoring along. Auto is steering. Rock Crusher is doing all the heavy lifting. Suddenly what appears to be a boat wake passes from north to south under us and continues off to seaward. No boat. No engine noise from any place but our own engine box. No chatter on the VHF. Nobody else for miles and miles. Just three curling rows of breaking water emanating from a vacant cliff and empty ocean. A wake?

We continued on to about Coho Anchorage and then reversed course. Now, the course is just about reciprocal at around 090. Destination for whatever is left of the night was Santa Barbara. Seems like we pulled abeam Stearns Wharf around midnight. Plan was to head on home to Oxnard at first light. So, going to the trouble of heading into the marina and getting a guest slip for just a few hours didn't seem nearly as utile as simply dropping the hook in the open roadstead and striking below.

I remember diving into my Captain's berth by the chart table and passing out without hesitation. An instantaneous explosion split the air and I had my head out of the


companionway on pure instinct and adrenalin. Just moments before, we had anchored below the slopes of the Santa Ynez mountains and valley, home to a couple hundred thousand people. Their porch lights and street lights normally stretch up and away from the beach for miles. The entire area was suddenly pitch black. Things were getting more than a little spooky.

This was, of course, back before Blackberries and ubiquitous cell phones. The normal contact with shore was via marine operator and listening to broadcast radio stations. All the normally receivable radio stations were suddenly off the air. I tried to call home via marine operator, but nobody was answering up on those channels either. Then one of the local FM stations came back up and the announcer was talking about some sort of major happening in the San Fernando Valley north of L.A. You see, Frank and Val's house was in Northridge. Perhaps, you've heard of the Northridge earthquake of 1994?

At that point, it seemed like a good idea to head for home. Home was still another six hours to the east, even with all the ponies galloping full tilt. Partway along that track we managed to raise a Vessel Assist operator who did a phone patch and Val got a call in to Frank. Frank, like thousands of his neighbors, was OK. He had been bounced out of bed and ended up in a pile of broken glass and displaced household parts on the floor. We still didn't know for sure if there would even be a Channel Islands Harbor for us to go back to. Really like that Orson Wells show, War of the Worlds, in some ways. On we hammered into the murky January sunrise.

That was 16 years ago. All the rubble has long ago gone to the landfills. The explosion was the substation transformer on the pier blowing itself into small pieces with a power surge that ripped back and forth across the grid. That "wake?" Well, I think we were the first to see the Northridge Earthquake of 1994. We just didn't know what we were looking at, at the time.


But then, most folks would say that normally adapted people don't go off sailing "just to see what someplace looks like" in the middle of January. But then, those Californians get what they deserve. At least sometimes.



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You might not think it's that big a deal. It was only a 2" stainless hex head 1/4"-20, after all. Some would add, "worry about something long enough, and it's bound to happen." Or, in my case, if I worry about something long enough, I'm bound to forget about it altogether. And, that's what at long last came home to roost today.

Today I pressed *Lady Bug's* trailer into domestic service. That, in and of itself, just might be telling me whether our Grand Voyage of Discovery has come to more than momentary hold status. Hang on for a bit, and I'll get to that. Anyhow, neighbor Bob has been dismantling his redwood deck in preparation for a new and improved version to follow. I've been thinking about building a decorative bridge amid our pine trees. And Bob's weathered timbers seemed like just the ticket for an appropriately aged-looking structure. So, since *Lady Bug* is presently in the water and moored in a regular slip at our little lake, her trailer was available for hauling salvaged lumber. Yeah, it's beginning to sound like I've swallowed the anchor more than a little bit, huh?

As I backed into Bob's driveway and maneuvered the trailer into the best spot for loading long lengths of lumber, I heard a "STOP!!" Anybody who has backed a trailer into a tight spot has certainly gotten such a warning. But this one was so strident that I parked the truck and got out to look. Part of the articulated roller assembly that guides the boat's hull onto the trailer when recovering her at a ramp had simply fallen off. Right there, in my neighbor's driveway.

About three years ago, I took *Lady Bug* from San Diego to Lake Mohave, on the Colorado River. It was more or less a shakedown for the many trips, both short and extensive, that followed over the next couple of years. That particular launching ramp was a tough one. Basically, the angle was too shallow for a reasonable immersion of trailer and boat. Heck, I watched a guy launch a motorboat by putting the entire length of his pickup into the water to get the trailer deep enough. His FRONT bumper was in the water. Yeah, shallow.

So, when I lowered *Lady Bug* down from the rollers, she simply sat on her keel, there on the concrete ramp. Not only embarrassing, it wasn't doing the keel shoe any good in the bargain. After lightening ship and working her farther into deep water, I got ready to park the rig. That was when I noticed that the particular roller arm in question had its mounting bolt sheared off. The bolt was actually still in place, but the shank didn't protrude from the hole anymore. And, of course the nut was long gone. I just couldn't tell if the rest of it could reasonably be expected to stay put. For all I knew, it was either ready to land at my feet or galvanically corrode into a completely bonded unit. Most everybody has had this sort of thing happen. Only, in my case, home and power tools were 500 desert miles off to the southwest.

Here's the problem. This roller is not only the first one to meet the hull when pulling it back onto the trailer, it becomes one of the main supports for the stern quarters when finally set for road travel. With the rollers and supporting arm not there, the hull would be met with the open end of a 1 1/2" square steel tube. Yep. We're talking significant hull damage. What we are really talking about is not only hull damage from bow to stern. It's unlikely that the boat would even climb suc-

Boats Really Don't Make Sense

You Have to Put Your Hand in the Water

Part 7 I've Come Full Circle

By Dan Rogers

cessfully out of the water in the first place. Worse than that, I could skewer the hull and then not be able to get the boat out of the water. That would lead to way, way more than simple embarrassment.

This assembly was a combination of tempered aluminum pivot arms, conventional rollers on bearings, mild steel flanges/mounting points, and steel bolts of unknown hardness and quality. When I went to turn the broken bolt out with a box wrench, it was obviously quite completely seized in its "pivot" hole. None of the tools I had with me was going to fix this. And, yes, the whole shebang could fall off at just about any moment. Or stay put and functional for years to come. Didn't know.

I remembered passing a maintenance yard on the way in to the National Recreation Area controlled marina and camp ground. Leaving *Lady Bug* to bob patiently at the loading dock, I towed the trailer back up the hill in the hope of finding somebody with more substantial tools than I had available. After some inquiries, I discovered the "man with the repair truck." He had a grinder that we could get into the hack saw-resistant assembly and soon knocked the bolt head off. Of course, the shank was seized and ready to withstand nuclear holocaust.

Of course, I probably could have left the whole thing in place for just about forever without further incident. It had probably been broken for decades already. Who knows? But now, with the head ground off, we had to drill the bolt shank out as well. His generator/pneumatic-driven 1/2" chuck drill did the trick. More or less. Then, of course, all I needed was another 5/16", grade-8 bolt, a couple of washers, a lock washer, and a nut or two. Of course, his ample supply of miscellaneous nuts and bolts didn't contain a long enough 5/16" bolt. Of course.

I scratched up a really too long 1/4"-20 and an acorn nut out of my spares. As many of us who have been in a similar situation will attest, if you overtighten the acorn nut it'll sort of jam itself onto the bolt. Heck, I've even gotten 'em to bust right on through on occasion. Think of it as a poor man's castle nut without cotter pin. Certainly not a proper long term solution. When I paid the nice National Recreation Area employee, with his National Recreation Area repair truck, his "tip" was to enjoin me to get the right bolt when I got back to town. This was about three years ago. Some things from the to-do list get shuffled far enough to the bottom, they simply fall off altogether after a while.

In my experience, there are two problems with jury rigs. First off, "quick and dirty" really means non-matching and quite aesthetically displeasing. Second, many such quick and dirty repairs will, in fact, live long, long lives. Well beyond boat trailers, most wives will agree to this one. Once in place, most jury repairs will stay on the job for just about forever.

So, for something in excess of 20,000 road miles, hundreds of launches and recoveries, and nearly three years of bouncing alternating with steady downward pressure, I have been relying on a quick and dirty repair that could have easily been responsible for severely damaging, perhaps destroying, my little pocket packet.

For the record, within minutes of getting the salvaged lumber off the trailer, I had over-bored the holes and fitted a properly sized bolt and nut(s). Now, I'm sort of worrying about the other three assemblies that I have never done anything for except to add succeeding layers of red paint. I suppose this could be another one of those worry long enough about something and I'll probably just forget kinda things, too. Dunno.

A couple of months ago I left off this tale by leaving myself hanging by one hand to the underside of Deception Pass Bridge. I'm thinking it's time to tie up a few loose ends concerned with that particular story. The episode with crossing the Deception Pass bridge, recollection of climbing it like a human fly four decades before, and finally getting *Lady Bug* into Puget Sound area waters came a few days prior to returning to California at the end of my first-of-two summers of towing her pretty much all over the western half of the United States. Maybe I can lighten the mood just a bit by telling on myself for a series of events that I can only grin about now.

You see, once onto this Whidbey Island place, I wasn't supremely keen on heading right back off. I knew I was going to have to re-cross THE BRIDGE sooner or later. But it was getting late in the day. And I knew that one of the major attractions on that particular rockpile is Naval Air Station Whidbey Island. While all naval installations in CONUS don't have RV parks, it seemed a good bet that this one in a decidedly rural setting just might have one. I didn't exactly know the particulars of getting there, but figured there would be signs. I'd have to trust to luck that no reservation didn't mean no space available. Anyhow.

Now and again, a co-pilot along to at least read the street signs would be a good thing. I try not to be a "California" driver. You know, a guy who signals left and then darts across three lanes to the RIGHT while text messaging somebody about something. You know. But, to avoid such disruptive and downright dangerous driving behavior, single handing a truck and boat/trailer about as long as a semi, I don't always manage to turn when I want or change lanes when I should.

And, in this case, about as soon as the signs started saying "NAS" I began to discount most of the other information presented. The first sign I apparently discounted, was the one saying "All RVs take such-and-such gate." Then, a few miles further along, I did, in fact, read, and dismissed as pertaining to me, the sign that said, "All oversized vehicles exit here." I wasn't oversized. I was big and long, but I certainly wasn't "oversized." Or so I thought. On we went down a rather nar-

row two-lane road promised by the signs to lead to the "Main Gate." Hey, I was gonna ask the marine or sailor or rent-a-cop on the gate how to get to the RV park and soon everything would be more or less OK. Soon.

A mile or so later, traffic was slowing for the gate. I was fishing for my ID. I already had a base sticker with my retired CPO sticker next to it in the lower left corner of Big Ole's windshield. So, it was with more than mild surprise that I looked up to see several sailors in cammies, running my way brandishing automatic weapons, frantically waving their arms and yelling AT ME. The first guy in the group approached my driver's side window and said something like, "STOPYOU DON'TFIT!" I think there was probably some additional legitimate Fleet Sailor language in the barrage that I would normally recognize were I not so completely taken aback. I looked at the gate and offered a now increasingly lame "Sure, I can get through that hole." Well, since the 9/11 attacks, bases everywhere have adopted an anti-truck-bomb appurtenance that only allows a single passenger car to get around it. The bigger vehicles have to go to the such-and-such gate.

OK, that particular day wasn't going real well from the get-go. Now, I'm feet from getting my truck and trailer stuck in the main gate entrance to a major naval installation. Kids who were still wearing diapers when "I put on the hat" are preparing to shoot out my tires or worse. Traffic is backing up behind me. Apparently part of this increased security arrangement at the gate required rather deep ditches on the sides of a narrow road. The only "turn around" was a sharp right turn, also guarded by ditches, 50 yards to my rear. A U-turn was precluded by concrete barriers. For the many who have tried this sort of maneuver, the notion of depth perception in a right side (parabolic) mirror is pretty close to useless. But then came the icing on the cake.

This barely out of boot camp seaman had the gall to say, "That's OK, there, Chief. We'll get you turned around." Some things sting more than maybe they should. After they got traffic backed up enough to allow me to back up to the side road, I pretty much stuffed the rig in reverse and executed about the very best blind right turn ever. I really dropped that one through the goal posts. Spite is a wonderful tool, on occasion.

After another hour or so, I had negotiated the commercial vehicle gate. A while later I managed to stumble onto the RV park entrance and pulled up in front of a large sign, proudly proclaiming, "RV Park. By Reservation Only. No Vacancy." I must have looked about as pathetic as I felt at the point.

A guy standing and talking to a couple

other people near that sign, hollered a, "Can I help you?" Turned out he was the manager. Turned out he could squeeze the only red sailboat from California to show up in a while in someplace. After I got situated, I went over to not only thank him for his kindness, but to ask him for a job. I told him, "You see, you might as well hire me as an assistant or something. Because I can never leave."

And so, I not only reached a turnaround point in a long-planned trip to basically explore the country by trailerable sailboat, I more importantly took time to evaluate what I had wanted to accomplish in light of what I had accomplished. Since it was gonna take a day or so to screw up the courage to re-cross THE BRIDGE at any event, I had time to think things over. I believe my conclusions are worth pondering before taking on a similar adventure.

Big Ole, my Chevy van, and I are a team. Heck, we're the next best thing to shipmates. We've been through a great deal together. And my Big Voyage of Discovery would never have happened without him doing the lion's share of the work. He's hauled me and *Lady Bug* all over the left half of the map of the US. We've been from San Diego to Seattle, Laredo to Tulsa, Denver to Miles City. And there have been a whole lot of zig-zags back and forth about every couple degrees of latitude. I'm guessing that adds up to a couple dozen thousand road miles. So far.

Ole was delivered in 1991. Me, about 45 years before that. We've both developed more than a few leaks, and creaks, and groans. We both take a bit longer to get started in the morning than we used to. But we both keep showing up for duty more or less on schedule. Sure, we could do it again. Probably.

The bigger question is, would it make any sense to keep at it? I've been recounting for over a year now, how I got the boat, trailer, and truck ready for this big deal road trip, and a general description of where we went and how that all worked out. Several folks have been kind enough to write to me, and say, "thanks for sharing." And, for what it's worth, I have a wall covered with shelves of boating books and storage bins filled with, now, really old magazines. Not a one of 'em talks about a trip like the one I've been recounting. Sometimes I'm willing to think, "that's because nobody else would be dumb enough to try such a damn fool stunt." But, with the encouragement of Bob Hicks and a few others, I've continued to churn out the stories and anecdotes of touring the country by sailboat. The left half of my well-traveled Rand McNally road atlas, at any rate. The right half is still waiting.

Most of us have read at least one of Tristan Jones' books or articles. Now, there

was truly an iconic Old Man of the Sea. A great story teller with a great fund of stories. We can only hope that there was at least a germ of truth to his recollections. His readers can feel the claustrophobic stillness of a converted lifeboat drifting months after months, frozen into the polar pack ice. And taste and smell the kerosene as he and his displaced Peruvian Indian companion attempt to kill the leeches embedded in their torn limbs with a burning rope soaked in the stuff, while dragging a boat not a lot dissimilar to my little *Lady Bug* across the truly endless Matto Grasso. It's easy to pick hundreds of other scenes and stories. That guy was one helluva yarn spinner! I probably have a whole shelf of books like the ones Tristan churned out.

I tend toward believing that the biggest, and perhaps ONLY(?) value to taking on such an adventure is to "have done it" and to be able to talk about it later. The actual doing it isn't often quite so very much fun. Each of us, reader, writer, and casual observer, gives special attention to the Been There, Done That, Got the T-shirt sort of yarn spinning. Most of us do these things but once. And if that "once" is vicariously, it's still "close enough for government work." In this digital age, there is a conspicuous need for preserving some sort of "adventure." Even if it's somebody else's adventure and we are only reading about it. That's my take on it, anyway.

Way, way back when I thought just about the coolest thing would be to sail a small boat to Hawaii, I read a very concise description of that sort of "adventure." The now-forgotten author contended that the very best way to sail to Hawaii was in the first class cabin of a 747. He went on to say that traveling the world by small boat was the "most expensive way to travel Third Class, while being wet, cold, and miserable." Of course, the universal description goes something like this, "To approximate bashing to windward in a small boat at sea is to wear your best clothes into a cold shower, while tearing up handfuls of hundred dollar bills." And, so on. Somehow, I've lost the desire to sail my boat to Hawaii. The mall on Kalakowa Blvd looking like something in Beverly Hills might have something to do with that. But I suspect there is something much more basic at work here.

And, yet, there are lots of boats out there "doing it." Generally, the weather is mild. The water is amenable to your passage. The boat is well behaved and in good repair. Generally things go well and everyone arrives in reasonably good health and outlook. But, the real deal is the "adventure" of the thing. And anything smacking of routine just doesn't deserve more than a footnote. And, it is the concept of "adventure" that keeps more than just me tongue tied now and again.

Some roads are quite dramatic, even if the boat has to stay on the trailer.



Lots of dry land between puddles Out West (someplace in Washington, Oregon, California, Nevada, Arizona, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona, Wyoming, or even Montana).





A simple beginning.



Sometimes, the lake is big, the wind fair, and everything is just about perfect.

Not for one moment would I expect any of us to replicate Tristan's Incredible Voyage. For the lot of the rest of us, a couple hours of squally weather with the rig moaning a dirge and spray hitting the cabin windows like handfuls of dirt clods every time the bow throws off a wave, can seem pretty adventurous.

So, perhaps if I could come to the point. I have had the opportunity to "do something that I'd always wanted to do." Just about always, at least. I had wanted to take a small boat and explore the United States. At first, I figured that I'd take a boat small enough to truck from wet spot to wet spot only when mountains and deserts got in the way, with the majority of the transits done while watching the shoreline from across the water. As it turned out, I took a boat small enough to dry sail. I'd put her into this lake or that river for a day or so, here and there. Then, I'd pull the boat out of the water, put all the sailboat stuff down and away, and then proceed to the next destination just about like everyone else who tows a fifth wheel or drives a motor home rig.

Even though "adventure" and "sailboat" were the key words throughout the series of trips I'm alluding to, I spent an incredible amount of time behind the wheel, staring at this or that dashed line on this or that highway. Perhaps one problem was starting in the most arid corner of this nation. That same corner is also surrounded by the most mountain ranges. Could be. The vast majority of the water in that part of the country may have been sprinkled by God, but it was dammed up in small chunks and officiated over by and for millions of people. There just ain't no such thing as a continuous water highway suitable for a sailboat in most of the western half of this country. More, it's a reservoir here, a chopped-up river there, and a whole lot of asphalt connecting them.

I'd been thinking of doing something like this Great Voyage of Discovery since Carter was president. I've pored over maps and charts from all over the place. I've speculated on what kind of boat would be optimal. I've boned up on trucks and SUVs, and everything in between, with a spot for a trailer hitch. But in the final analysis, I simply went with the rig that I had, after changing just about everything first. And, at this interregnum I think I can accurately state that there really isn't an optimal boat or trailer or tow vehicle for exploring the country by boat. Sort of like that very old

rock song, "When you're not with the one you love, love the one you're with."

The matter of whether anybody would care to do something similar to what I've been reporting has very little to do with research, or logic, or even planning. I think it's a whole lot simpler than that. And, as I was saying, if I could just stick to the point, I could lay it out.

So, as I sat on a very windy ledge overlooking the Straits of Juan de Fuca to the southwest and Haro Strait (and Vancouver Island) directly on a line of bearing with the setting sun, I spent an hour or so pondering the whys and some of the wherefores of getting to do "something I had always wanted to do." I'll bet you've done the very same thing. Probably more than once.

Whether you go to the next messabout and leave your canoe strapped to the top of the old station wagon, spend an entire weekend aboard your moored cabin boat without touching a mooring line, or paddle that home-grown kayak 50 miles before the sun goes down, it's still the same introspection. "Why did I buy/build this boat in the first place?" Granted, there is a variation on that theme, "Gee, I have this blue water/racing/fishing/water skiing/etc boat. I guess I should be planning to go world cruising/defend the America's Cup/chase the marlin/etc." And that variation can lead to a great deal of heartache. Any number of world leaders over the past several centuries could speak to that with, "Gee, I have this fleet/army/air force, I guess I should be invading somebody." Better to stick with the main question. "Why do I have this boat?" Perhaps, more to the point, "If truly left to my own devices, what will I really do with this floaty thing that answers me when I call her?" And, so, here the adventure may well begin.

As I suggested months ago, a boat is really only "for" about three things, with the possibility of a hybrid combo of a couple in rather rarified circumstances.

First, but certainly not foremost, is the boat purchased, maintained, and advertised to be "used." You know, a boat that is there to be a place to sit while drowning worms, a place to sit while being borne about the water while under sail, maybe a place to sit while entertaining guests and drinking alcoholic beverages. A boat used for "boating." Whatever that is. Mostly these boats have no name at all, or one that starts with "The."

The second general category is the boat whose main claim to fame is the mere fact of her existence. Somebody built this boat from scratch or from a kit. I can recall any number of these vessels who were sold or given away before they even hit the water for the first time in order to make room, time, and money for the next one. People like me, who tend to modify and mess with just about EVERYTHING in, under, and associated with a factory-stock hull, rig, and engine should probably consider themselves in this second camp as well. So often, the folks in this camp use their vessel(s) for more an expression of craftsmanship, creativity, and a test bed for theories, hypotheses, and even vague curiosities. These boats may well float, and sail, and race about, even be loved, but that's not really what they were built or purchased to do.

Lastly, is the group of boats which are cherished for the way they curtsy at anchor, the way the sun reflects from brightwork and oiled teak. These boats exude charm and often represent the accidental confluence of art and science, captured in the simple phrase, "a wholesome boat." These boats are invariably a member of the family. Perhaps the oldest living member. A little excessive weather helm, a weeping garboard strake, even a cracked forehead every time one leaves the forepeak without ducking low enough are perpetually forgiven. These boats, whether overstressed in a blow, or adrift in a mooring bring the same pang as would a child whimpering over skinned knees and elbows amid the wreckage of a new bike. These boats are loved, because they are lovely.

So here's the paradox that I have come to discover. Only folks, the ones representing Category 1, who use their boats as a means to an end, a vehicle for an experience, have any real business undertaking a Voyage of Discovery such as the one I am reporting herewith. And, in all my travels, I have yet to meet anyone like that, who also exhibits the gnawing curiosity about what the next bend of the river, the next lake up the chain, or the island just over the horizon "looks like." Mostly what I hear about is the delightful meals, and interesting conversations, and shopping trips that these places afford. You see, they don't really NEED a boat to do that.

The other two groups? Well, the ones building their dream boats for a future dream cruise will almost always have "just a few more details to get done first." They may

even feel compelled to build an entirely different type of boat, one that would be more suitable. Or the rig will need modifying, or the trailer needs painting. Most any delay will suit. These people really don't need to go anyplace to validate their particular take on our collective dream. Simply sitting in the cockpit, or taking an all-afternoon nap up in the vee-berth is almost as good as actually "going someplace." Granted, these boats are both loved and sailed. But, it's secondary.

The last group? They're even more unlikely. Every launch ramp dropoff will be cause for an aborted launch. The weather will be much more threatening, the shoal water much more dangerous. This is that group who actually apologizes to their little girl when a fender flips up and allows some offending piling or pier to scratch her gleaming topsides. They actually pat the companionway hatch, or the breast hook, or some other favorite segment such as the hand-burnished tiller head, when they tell their little darlin' how well she tacked, or ghosted past that "Clorox bottle," or shook off a near knockdown. The terrors of unknown waters, the dangers and inevitable damage of road travel, the requisite strains and wear from this sort of a venture can be very taxing for a man or woman who loves his/her boat simply because she is lovely.

It didn't take me 24,000 road miles to question the sensibility of towing a little sailboat behind an old van that far. But apparently, it took that long to understand what I already knew. For example, I already knew that a sailboat is a lousy travel trailer. I already knew that good weather (i.e., not winter) makes the wind drop to almost nuthin' and brings the stinkpots and jet skis out like a swarm of mosquitoes at sundown. I already knew that very, very few of the shorelines along the lakes, rivers, sounds, and marshy estuar-

Even "dead ends" are worth following.



Lots of "ramps" are only ankle deep.

The more complex it gets, the more stuff breaks.



ies in this country aren't at least partially covered by huge houses with expensive docks with expensive boats tied to 'em. I already knew that lots and lots of interesting little puddles are equipped with "launching ramps" that more closely resemble a canoe portage than someplace to launch and recover a 2,000lb boat which stops floating when the water gets less than a half-fathom deep. There were a bunch of other things that "I already knew." So, why persist?

And that, my friend is the crux of this whole question of why do we even have boats. Heck, this thing smacks of metaphysics. Maybe even as deep as Bill Cosby's famous posit about his college philosophy prof going around asking, "Why is there air?" As I have been wont to say on many occasions, boats are not simply a matter of life or death. They are much more important than that. The boats we build, and mess with, and "use" are not in any material way, practical. Only a tiny fraction of our population relies on boats for making a living. Fewer still call boats their homes. And even fewer still can really claim that boats are their principal means of transportation. But, wouldn't it be cool if they were?

So, with about enough introspection and planning for one summer's travel, I drove off Whidbey Island (acrophobia and hyperventilation in full fettle) and sort of headed for home. *Big Ole, Lady Bug*, and I had our share of adventures on the way back to Southern California. And, as it turns out, we were only about half-done with our Grand Voyage of Discovery. There's still way more to tell. And, I'll get on with that next month, if I see you. Hope I do. But until then, I'll leave you with just one salient thought.

Boats don't really make sense. They're just necessary.

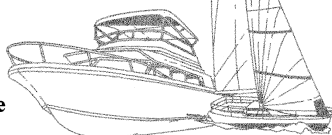
A windy spot to ponder the next destination (Straits of Juan de Fuca).



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The International Scene

Business seemed to head upwards. Arrivals of containers at Vancouver, BC hit a 20-month high. Container traffic at Long Beach went up 14% over a year ago while arrivals at Los Angeles rose nearly 27%. Shipping giant Maersk reported a shortage of both space and containers for outbound Far East shipments ("It is a very exceptional year") although the company owns 1.3 million containers and recently added another 50,000 feu.

Asian demand for oil drove VLCC rates to a five-month high, from \$41,800 to \$78,900 a day for the Arabian Gulf-Far East run.

Thin Place and Hard Knocks

Ships collided and allided: At Le Havre, the vehicle carrier *Grande Buenos Aires* was caught by wind gusts while entering the lock and was pushed against the lock head. It was damaged and the ship suffered a gash several metres long at the waterline.

About 42 miles east of Gibraltar, the product tanker *Torm Marina* collided with the container ship *MSC Camille*. Luckily, the tanker was in ballast so no "boom."

At Durrës in Albania, the 3,000-ton freighter *Ruby* approached a pier at 6 knots but its engine failed to reverse. It struck the cargo vessel *Storman Asia* near the bow. Alerted by frantic radio calls, crewmen on the nearby *San Gwann* took some spectacular photos.

Ships ran aground: The coaster *Uno* and its cargo of soybeans ran aground underneath Valdemar's Castle in Denmark's Svenborg Sound. The master explained he had been avoiding a yacht race involving about forty boats. The castle was built by King Christian IV for his son but he was killed in a battle in Poland during 1656 before he could move in.

In Hong Kong waters, the containership *Kota Kado* struck a submerged object and was beached.

On the St Lawrence Seaway, the 740' laker *Algobay* ran aground and was freed by two tugs and her own power three days later.

In New Zealand at Tauranga, the outbound log carrier *Hanjin Bombay* ran aground but was freed by two tugs two hours later. The following may not apply directly to the last item but some years ago, I was told that a Tauranga pilot might pilot ships one week, run a tug propelled by Voith's cycloidal propellers the next week, and in the third week operate the other port authority's tug, one fitted with the radically different azimuthing drives. I queried whether they ever got confused but the confident answer was, "no."

Fire and explosion took a toll: In the Malacca Strait, a fire that started in a container on the foredeck of the 8,195-teu container ship *Charlotte Maersk* raged for two days before being put under control (but not out).

In Scotland at Lochaber, a conveyor belt loading large stones from a quarry onto the 100,000-ton bulk carrier *Yeoman Bontrup* caught fire and that set the ship on fire. A tug, ironically named *Boulder*, was sent to tow the badly damaged ship elsewhere for repairs.

At Tampa, a conveyor belt unloading granite rocks from the 742' self-unloading bulk carrier *Sophie Oldendorff* caught fire and that proved a challenge for local firemen.

Humans got hurt: A Turkish worker died under tons of material in a forklift accident at one of Tuzla's many shipyards. He was the area's 135th shipyard fatality since the '80s.

Off the Croatian coast, a cadet fell off the container ship *Safmarine Kariba* and his body was found two hours later.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

A Texas crabber was killed when struck by lightning on the ICW and his companion was airlifted to a hospital.

Humans were rescued: An Australian helicopter removed a badly burned man whose clothing had caught fire while welding on a coal ship 220 miles off the north Queensland coast. He jumped overboard to extinguish the flames and was rescued by one of the ship's lifeboats (no news item named the bulk).

Off South Africa, two South African Air Force helicopters cooperated in getting an injured mariner off the bulk carrier *Proud* some 100 miles off Cape Town. One helicopter transferred its extra fuel to the other while both were in flight.

Other events: Shortly after the bulk carrier *Medi Lausanne* was moored at Charleston, SC, along came a strong gust of wind and a stern line parted, followed by the rest of the mooring lines. The ship sailed across the channel and came to a soft grounding with its running gear entangled with a channel marker.

Gray Fleets

The US Navy removed the commander of the Norfolk Naval Shipyard from command due to loss of confidence in his ability to command.

The new Royal Navy Type 45 destroyers *HMS Daring* and *HMS Dauntless* finally have missiles for their main weapons systems now that their French-built "Aster" missiles have started passing test-firings.

Indian Navy personnel will train for a year on the former Russian aircraft carrier *Admiral Gorshkov* before it is finally delivered late next year. Meanwhile Indian aviators flying Mig 29K jets will train on the Russian's *Admiral Kuznetsov*, a similar jump-jet carrier. And two Indian submarines suffered minor damage when one tried to parallel-park against the other at a Mumbai naval jetty.

The Russians announced that they will continue testing the new sea-based intercontinental ballistic missile Bulava until it works. Seven out of thirteen tests have failed, the last test missile spinning and failing in a spectacular explosion visible in northern Norway. Three *Borey*-Class submarines to carry the missiles are under construction.

And the first attack sub of the *Graney* Class was launched. Construction started in 1993, the launch was deferred for a month, and the news item stated that it would be delivered next year. It will carry 24 cruise missiles.

Smaller services, worldwide, range widely in size. The US Coast Guard has about 39,000 active members (and is heading towards 45,000 personnel) plus 29,000 Auxiliary members; Camp Lejeune, one of the US Marine's two main training bases, is home to about 47,000 marines and sailors; the entire Royal Navy has about 38,000 tars and Royal Marines; and the Royal New Zealand Navy has 2,034 regulars plus another 237 Naval reservists.

White Fleets

Hurricane Alex delayed the docking of the cruise-ship *Ecstasy* at Galveston by a day.

The prime cause wasn't wind but a strong cross-current in the channel.

The inaugural departure of the newbuild *Norwegian Epic* from Rotterdam for Southampton was delayed for more than seven hours because of "technical problems." Compounding the resulting irritation for 2,000 passengers was a breakdown of the security card system and all 2,000 cards had to be signed by hand.

Alaskan-based US Coast Guard helicopters serviced two medi-emergencies on cruise ships. One chopper took off a man who had suffered lack of consciousness and may have had a stroke. The cruise ship was the *Norwegian Pearl* and the location was 23 miles southwest of Juneau. The other was an Indonesian crewman on the *Ryndam* 110 miles southeast of Cordova. He suffered from weakness and unconsciousness. Readers may have noted that I report many Alaskan-based Coast Guard helicopter exploits. That is because the 17th Coast Guard District PA office does a superb job of publicizing the District's valiant work in an extraordinarily taxing region.

Want to visit the North Pole on a nuclear-powered Russian icebreaker? This year it cost \$22,690 for a two-weeks tour on the 2007-built *50 Let Pobedy* (50 Years of Victory) and a suite cost \$33,390. But you'll have to book for next year's cruises; this year's two remaining tours are already sold out.

Under "cruise ships," I occasionally include the smaller excursion boats and the like. They had a hard time last month. In Boston, the 87' whale-watch boat *Massachusetts* deviated from the well-marked South Channel and hit a well-known object, the Devil's Back Ledge, at 18 knots. Nearly 170 passengers were quickly evacuated from the badly damaged vessel and serious salvage pumping started.

In Alaska, the 75' whale-watch boat *Catalyst* ran aground near Port Houghton but freed itself on the next high tide. In the meanwhile, the nine passengers were taken by skiff to Robert Island.

Near the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor, something caused a small boat to jump a wave and land atop another small boat, and one man died. Contributing to the accident may have been the wake from the fast-moving tourboat *Shark*.

At Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the two-man crew of an amphibious truck (DUKW) with 37 tourists on board, mostly a church group of young Hungarians, smelled smoke and stopped the engine to investigate, leaving the boat to drift for several minutes. The operator gave a warning call or calls on Channel 13, the ship-to-ship frequency, but not on channel 16, which is used for emergency calls. The crew of the approaching tugboat *Caribbean Sea* with the empty city-owned sewerage-sludge barge *Resource* on its hip didn't hear the calls or see the drifting DUKW hidden behind the high bow of the empty barge, and the barge ran over the DUKW. Most people escaped due to life vests they had just donned but two Hungarian youngsters didn't make it.

Those That Go Back and Forth

Competition rowing is big in Brisbane Harbour so City Cat ferry boats will be equipped with infra-red cameras to help spot oared shells and their crews. And waterline lighting on the ferries is being investigated so rowers can recognize that a City Cat ferry is nearby.

At Hingham, Massachusetts, the commuter ferry *Nora Victoria* collided with the sailboat *Cygnuc*. Minimal sailboat damage and no injuries among the 150+ people involved.

At Arkhangelsk, the Russian passenger vessels *Nikolai Gogol* and *Peter Zavarzin* managed to collide, fortunately without much damage to each other. Arkhangelsk, near the Dvina River's entrance to the White Sea, was medieval Russia's chief seaport.

French authorities congratulated the crew of the ro-ro pax ferry *Norman Voyager* for going to the rescue of survivors of the French crabber *Etoile des Ondes*, struck and sunk last December by the bulkier *Alam Pinter*. That vessel did not stop and other vessels ignored radio calls for help. (The *Norman Voyager* has since gone to the rescue of the two-masted yacht *Zeewind*, which had a suspected heart-attack victim on board.)

Things were buzzing on a British Columbia ferry when several thousand angry bees escaped from their hives. The bee owner had arranged with the ferry company that his truck was loaded first, the ferry's rear doors would be opened for air flow, and all lights would be turned off except emergency lighting. It was, they weren't, they weren't, the bees got warm and excited by the lights and so out they buzzed.

The People's National Movement Government of Trinidad bought a used high-speed, 450-passenger catamaran ferry in Turkey for \$3.29 million, had it transported to Trinidad and then towed to Curaçao for repairs (another three-quarter million) in 2008. The ferry is back in Trinidad and lies in a shipyard at Chaguaramas, still unused and very definitely for sale.

The ferries of Third World nations continued to kill their passengers. An overcrowded ferry carrying sixty pilgrims capsized on the Ganges in India's northernmost province of Uttar Pradesh and only twenty were rescued. In Bangladesh an overloaded ferry (eighty on board) collided with a sand barge and sank, killing at least two dozen passengers.

In the UK at Plymouth, smoke kept 62 passengers on the *Commodore Clipper* for several hours although the ferry was docked and the fire in a refrigerator truck on the vehicle deck had been extinguished while enroute from Jersey. The ferry also had some steering problems, perhaps because of the fire.

Legal Matters

Edison Chouest Offshore, a supplier and operator of specialized vessels for the US Government and operator of a sizable fleet of other specialized vessels, was implicated in "magic pipe" incidents on the ice-breaking Antarctic research vessel *Laurence M. Gould* in 2004-2005. And the US government dismissed an investigation of a possible "magic pipe" episode on the *Margit Gorthon* (now the *Forest Trader*), and both the company and chief engineer walked free. This was the second instance in the month that a case triggered by a whistle-blower was withdrawn.

The US Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals (reputed to be a liberal bunch of judges) ruled that a mariner who had not been physically injured but was endangered due to an event in which a third party was severely injured or killed could file suit. In the specific instance, a fisherman didn't even witness a collision but felt the circumstances of the event had put him in grave and imminent danger of death or great bodily harm and had emotionally impacted him so he could not work.

Illegal Imports

For some time, South American narcotic-smugglers have been building and using, with considerable success, semi-submersible "submarines" to import drugs into the US, and now Ecuadorian authorities, with help from the US DEA, have seized a true submarine, a submersible capable of operating at a depth of 65'. The 30-metre fiberglass vessel was built in a remote jungle area, has a conning tower with periscope, two diesels to electric motors to two screws, and air scrubbers to purify the air, and was to be crewed by up to six smugglers.

US agents found illegal immigrants who had taken unpaid passage on the container ship *MSC Debra* from the Dominican Republic to Charleston, SC. Crewmen detained one, another jumped overboard and was later captured, and a third was found dead in a shipping container. And seventeen illegals, all badly dehydrated, were discovered in the back of an articulated lorry (semi-trailer truck) at Dover.

Metal-Bashing

Shipbuilding prices are low and bargains seem to be available even though the price of steel rose \$40-50 a ton in the last quarter over the prevailing \$750/ton. For example, one small company ordered ten tankers from South Korean builders for delivery in 2011 and 2012. And fears of a surplus of bulkers were expressed after owners signed contracts for more than 74 bulkers in June alone. This was in addition to the 93 ordered in May. But deliveries of newbuild bulkers meant that some older bulkers were idled.

After months of shilly-shallying, Canada decided it will build six corvette-sized Arctic Offshore Patrol Ships after all. Construction will start after two (more) years of planning. Interestingly, several sources agree that the lightly armed, icebreaking ships will be remarkably big 6,000-tonners, which is in the destroyer size-range for many nations.

Almost 4,000' of steel piping will be replaced on each of two Swedish icebreakers. Used in the replacements on the *Atle* and *Frej* will be fiberglass-reinforced epoxy piping.

Nature

Where are the earth's magnetic poles? Not diametrically opposite each other and each roams around a bit. The North MP is relatively stable when compared with the South MP, which has moved an average of 11km a year over the last 100 years. But it can move faster, sometimes moving several hundred km a day. A swift Australian scientist managed to get within 1.6km of the South MP when it paused for several hours one day back in 2000. That was the closest anyone has gotten close to the SMP for a measurement and it is also probably the closest anyone will ever get.

In spite of an international law eight years ago forbidding use of asbestos in new ships, some are still being delivered with asbestos in thousands of gaskets and other seals. Replacement of illegal parts on one ship, the 8,400-dwt *Caroline Essberger*, may have cost 10% of the original cost of building since the ship was in service. The process was not easy ("shut down everything, drain systems of their rapidly cooling heavy fuel oil, drain the black sticky residue into the bilges, clean out the bilges....").

Building extensive wind-turbine farms offshore (the UK alone will install 6,000 such

turbines in the next ten years) may be delayed by a lack of suitable installation and transportation vessels. There are only a dozen or so suitable vessels worldwide and many of these can find work in the better-paying oil/gas industry.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

German law states that piracy is purely a police matter so German warships cannot escort German ships in pirate-infested waters. Some German shipowners temporarily reflag their ships so onboard security contractors can do their thing. The Liberian flag is a favorite.

A Dutch submarine will provide real-time intelligence in the Gulf of Aden and Indian Ocean by sophisticated eavesdropping of pirate activity.

Pirates often shoot-up their intended victims. How extensive the damage can be was indicated by repairs made to the small German container ship *Taipan*. Almost 300 bullet holes were welded over and ground flush on both sides. Cabling was repaired in 80 places while many tempered-glass panes were replaced including 18 in the wheelhouse. Then there were the interior bulkheads and ceilings, doors, and cabinetry, etc.

As the Somali pirates' success rates reflected the increasingly effective opposition, the pirates shifted to using six to ten skiffs in an attack. And some mother vessels are still at large in open waters and are running short of supplies so the primary focus of attacks may shift from ransom money to food and water, and yachts and tourist yachts and the like may be attacked. Violence may also increase.

Many pirates moved to the Bab al Mendebeh and Red Sea areas, there were six attacks in the month as opposed to three attacks for the year's first five months. Unfavorable monsoon conditions and the increased effectiveness of naval patrols in the Gulf of Aden were probable reasons for the shift.

In west Africa, Nigerian gunmen attacked two cargo vessels, killing one and seizing twelve sailors. Two days later, special security forces stormed the *BBC Polonia*, and also (the details are very confused, something not unusual in that area) somehow freed the twelve mariners plus three other hostages taken in May.

Odd Bits

The director of Tampa's aquarium was nervous about tests of seawater brought in by a barge owned by the Mosaic Fertilizer Company, after all, there had been a massive oil spill in the Gulf (the water tested just fine). For some years, water in the aquarium tanks has been periodically replaced by seawater donated by various barge companies whose empty barges load up in offshore Gulf of Mexico waters while returning to Tampa. The donations save the aquarium about \$300,000 a year.

A memento of the world's largest ship, a 36-ton anchor, was shipped to Hong Kong to be an exhibit in the new Hong Kong Maritime Museum. The *Knock Nevis/Jahre Viking/Seawise Giant* was scrapped earlier this year in India at Gujarat. The biggest moving object ever built by man, the tanker was 1503' long, displaced 564,763 tons, and had a draft such that she couldn't pass through the English Channel (or enter many ports) when fully loaded. As *Seawise Giant*, she was sunk by an Iraqi jet in 1986 during the Iran-Iraq war. She was raised, repaired, and renamed.

I received an e-mail from Reverend Lynn Miller in late May asking, "Hey, you guys still in Buffalo?" We hadn't seen the Millers for a couple of years, and it was good to hear from them. His email explained to me that he, his wife Linda, and another couple, Don and Elaine Brubaker, had completed the building of a canal boat, and were headed to Buffalo, NY. They were to begin a ten-week cruise along the Erie Canal, up the Hudson River, and on into Canada and then to the Trent Severn canal. He said they would be at a marina on Tonawanda Island on June 14. Good news! And a chance to catch up with some friends we haven't seen for a while.

We arrived to find all four working and preparing for the next day's launch and the beginning of the adventure on, *Bi-Polar-Express*, their beautiful canal boat. I didn't yet ask the meaning of that name. I'll get to it. After things got organized we went to have some pizza and a gam, learned of their plans for the trip, got permission to use the portion of his web text and photos which appears with this report. If all goes well on this "test cruise" of *B-P-E*, they plan to have the boat put in a shipping container and sent to Europe. The next adventure is to spend the summer next year touring the countries and canals across the pond in Europe. After dinner we said goodnight and planned to be back in the morning to see them off after *Bi-Polar-Express* got launched.

I arrived the next day alone and late. The lovely and talented Naomi had some previous obligations. I found the launch site, but could not find them. How hard can it be to find a boat in a canal? I drove up the canal looking for them. They were nowhere to be found. As I eventually found out, they never got to the canal. They lost their rudder and went adrift. Fortunately, they found a place to anchor under a bridge before anything dramatic happened. Niagara Falls is a few miles downriver. In typical Lynn Miller fashion, he pulled out a spare and fastened it to the pinions and in about an hour's time had a usable rudder installed, and got back underway.

Monday June 14: The Millers and Brubakers headed for the highway early morning, Lynn driving his 1988 Chevy one-ton truck, which looks much too small when towing the 30' foot *Bi-Polar Express (B-PE)*. Don and Elaine followed behind in our car, "packed to the gills." We wanted to keep the boat as light as possible and the truck hauling the weight. We had considered it advisable to purchase a trailer axle with brakes to help the truck with braking power. Since our towing experience in October indicated that the trailer sways at any speed over 45mph, Lynn had lengthened the hitch on the trailer and moved the truck hitch front as far as possible. That made a significant difference as we could go 55mph or more without much sway. Occasionally I watched him drift to the left or to the right, and I thought, "Lynn, you are not paying attention." He was thinking deep thoughts again.



To Build, Launch and Cruise a Canal Boat

Web Photos and Text by Don Brubaker a
and Rev. Lynn Miller

Submitted with Don's kind permission by
Greg Grundtisch
(Buffalo, New York)

Meanwhile as I drove along the canal looking for them I got a voice mail on my phone that said they were under the Grand Island Bridge. That's several miles up the Niagara River in the opposite direction! I arrived at the bridge and found no one. A call home to Naomi explained that they were repaired and moving up the canal. Turns out they were under the Twin Cities bridge at the entrance to the Erie Canal.

I then drove back along the canal, spotted the boat and found a spot to wait for them to pass to get some pictures. Eventually they came into camera view and shouted greetings as they passed by. I shouted, "You look like four flashy Mennonites with all that shiny bright work on the boat, nice rudder!" I took some pictures and went down the canal road to the next bridge to get a front-end photo of *B-P-E* from high above.

She never arrived! Now what? I drove back to where I thought they would be and parked. I walked along the bike path and found the boat, less crew, tied up on the opposite side, at a tavern! I later learned that they needed lunch and some local information, to see if someone could be found to build them a new steel rudder. I'll be damned if they didn't find someone right down the road from the Ship and Shore Tavern. They had the new rudder made and installed right there, and in a couple hours were back underway. What are the chances?

Robb White once said to me in a letter, "coincidence is an amazing thing, and I sometimes think it rules the world." You

sometimes wonder. As Mennonites, the crew of *B-P-E* may have a different idea as to what caused this chance encounter. But, they got what they needed, and on with the trip. A lot to have happen on the first day, in the first several hours of the adventure. Anyway, that is the beginning of what looks to be a boating trip of a lifetime.

To view the whole story on how they built the boat, some background information on the crew, and to also follow them on the cruise, and comment if you like, on their website, go to <http://dbru.smugmug.com/canal-boat/>. Thanks again Don for allowing me to use your work from your website, it's a very impressive website folks.

The Erie Canal system is a very under-used recreational waterway in New York, and many around here are unaware of what they have right in their own backyards. Maybe it's better that way. Less traffic. There are several other websites in the article to get information on this and other canal systems here, in Canada, and Europe.

Lastly, my Mennonite friends were pleased to cooperate with me for this report. I think very highly of the "Flashy Four". We know of each other's unorthodox ways, and I am somewhat tolerated. Happy sails!



We made it to Tonawanda, north of Buffalo without incident, and pulled into Smith Boys Marina at the mouth of the Erie Canal. We moved everything from the truck bed and car to the boat and began to make it livable. Lynn called his friends from the wooden boat group, Greg and Naomi Grundtisch who took us out to a neat pizza place for great conversation. He writes articles for a magazine called *Messing About in Boats* and he was very interested in seeing and hearing Lynn's stories about our boat.

Tuesday June 15: Today was the day we had awaited for two years. The marina told us to be at the travel lift at 9am. In no time the lifter's straps were under the boat, and the boat was lifted off the trailer and into the water. To our delight we found no leaks in the hull. The 10hp engine needed some persuasion to get started, and Lynn asked one of the mechanics to check it. It needed the idle adjusted, but otherwise was in good shape.





About 10:30 we backed out of the dock and headed for the Niagara River. Two miles downriver was Niagara Falls, and we headed upstream against a 2mph current. Fifteen minutes into our journey, the boat began to veer off to the right, and from the bow of the boat I thought to myself, "Lynn is not paying attention again." Then I heard Lynn exclaim, "The rudder just broke off! We're in trouble!!" We were able to make it to a shallows area near an island, and threw out an anchor. With that level of security we got out the spare rudder Lynn had brought along and his toolbox. Within an hour we had replaced the rudder and were again underway, headed for the mouth of the Erie Canal.

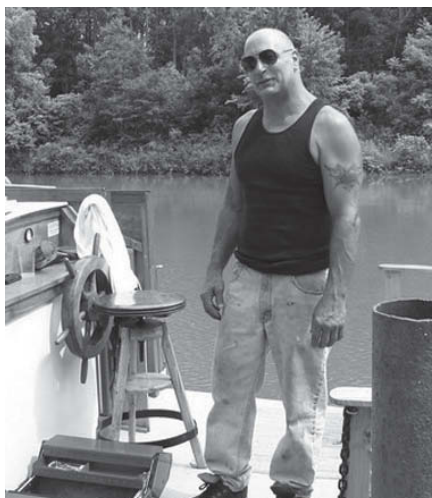


Lynn replaces the pinions on the backup rudder.

We encountered very little boat traffic other than a behemoth of a sailboat, which turned around and eventually passed us. After a few miles we were approaching a highway bridge when we heard a voice calling out, "Hey you Mennonite! Nice rudder!! It was Greg who had driven to get a picture of us and must have waited some time for us to arrive. Lynn had called Naomi and informed her of the rudder mishap. There was no place to tie up and chat, but at least a hail in passing was very heart warming.



In time we found "Ship'n Shore," a restaurant and bar that was listed on our chart. From the looks of the dock and iron staircase, it was clear that it had seen better days. But we tied up and went to check out the resources. Lynn asked a local if he knew any good metal workers who could build us a steel slab rudder. The answer was, "Yes, he lives just up the road! I'll give him a call." In a minute Lynn was talking to Bob Lantenier who agreed to come right over.

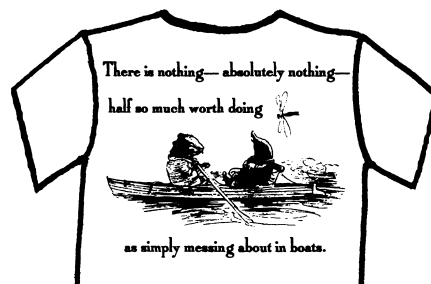


Bob proved to be a handy and sun-weathered man of about 40 years. He looked at the rudder and said he had a slab of steel about that size. Lynn went with him to his shop and within a half hour returned with a piece of steel under his arm. Lynn and I were able to fit the broken plywood as spacers to fit the new rudder in the pinions as Bob and his friend went up to the restaurant to have "just one more beer" with his newly earned \$50.

The ship's carpenter uses tools and materials on hand to make repairs on the rudder.



Bolting the rudder in place



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Due to the smooth flow of Mr Hicks' publishing endeavors you may not realize that this project has been stalled for a month. I have been tied up getting Bergie's 22' Western Lady fantail hull molded. Poor Bergie has been waiting six years, or so he tells me. I would like to think that you are working right along with me, pacing the shop floor, awaiting the next issue.

It was the work of a couple of hours to make a ladder-like strongback and set it on a rolling frame I had. I had failed to follow my own directions and there were no notations on the body plan telling where the stations were located. Finding the required numbers involved moving the accumulated junk from the pile of sheetrock so that the top sheet could be flipped over to reveal the lofting. Note: I had to do that before building the strongback so that the crosspieces would be in the proper places to support the station molds. However, as I found out when securing the transoms at the proper angle, all the molds can be supported by verticals (angled for transoms) screwed to the strongback longitudinally.

After beating all around the bush, let's review. Build a strongback about 9' long and narrower than the narrowest mold. Support it between 2' and 3' off the floor. Be sure that the top surface is a plane. It need not be level. Mark off the station locations. Screw uprights to the side frames to support the molds.

Now the question is, how far above the top of the strongback, our new reference line, do the molds go? Recall your profile plan (body plan should give same numbers but is less intuitive). I'll use my numbers as an example. My center station sits right on the

Super Dink

Part 6

By Jim Thayer



baseline. Both transoms are higher than the midships mold because of the rising sheer. Pick a number which assures that there will be room for the bow transom. In my case I put the bottom of the midships mold 19" above the top of the strongback. On the profile, my No. 2 station is 2" above the baseline. Therefore the bottom of the No. 2 must be 17" above the strongback datum. Set up the rest using the same system.

Any serious mistakes should be apparent. Now run a batten all over the whole thing. It should contact all the molds. Maybe a little persuasion can be used, but not much. Hang some clamps on the batten

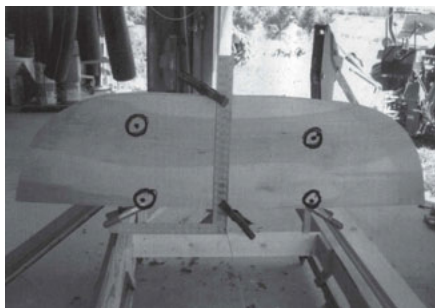
to hold it in place and view it from farther off. A hollow forefoot might require some push but still should produce a fair curve. The transoms, and probably other molds as well, should be beveled to make good contact with the planking.

At long last it is time to put on some planking. I have to be convinced anew with each project that plywood won't bend two ways at once. I cut one large plank to cover most of the bottom. Clamped to the molds it looked pretty good. However, when I tried to brace it a little between molds to get it just right, it went all humps and hollows. I fought it several different ways but finally gave up.

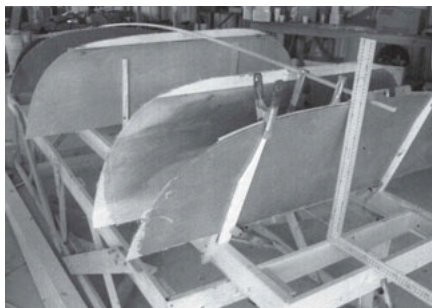
In the end, I cut a 4" strip off each side. The plan was to lap these new strips under the wide center plank. The thickness of these new planks meant that the center plank would have to bend even less and the glued lap would stiffen the bottom. You will find, if you proceed carefully, that even though the new plank is cut from the mother edge of the wide plank, it does not lap equally all along. It lies in a different plane and so you will have to trim it to get a uniform lap.

These new planks will, in turn, lap over one of the three wide topside planks that will lie on straight sections of the mold. If you study this sequence, you will find good reason to hang (stick it on there) the first wide plank first. The rest of the wide planks will just butt.

Finish up the planking, putty up the laps, and cover the hull with glass. Remember, the glass goes on first. Don't even think about trying to lay glass in wet resin. We have got to get a move on if we are going to race at MASCF!



The square is clamped to the mold along the centerline. The bottom of the mold is right at the 19" mark. The heel of the square is just at the centerline string. The square rests on the a crosspiece at the proper station position. The two lower clamps hold all at the proper positions while the screws (circles) are run through into the uprights.



The square assures that the reverse transom does not project beyond the 8'6" length limit. The lath stiffeners show clearly. The topsides will not be a smooth curve, but will have straight pieces of lath to take wide planks.



All the molds fit fair under the batten. Note the sharply raked fore transom. Livery Whitehall in background.

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Like many things, mudholes, make-overs, marriages, boat projects are easier to get into than out of. Years ago, Karl K., who had built steamboats on my Express and Mountain Girl hulls, suggested that I pull the Mountain Girl out to 22'. Astute businessman that I am (an obvious oxymoron, no serious businessman would get into the boat business), I said I would have to have three orders before I stuck my neck out. Well, Karl's check was in the mail and another guy indicated as much, but his never arrived. Thus encouraged, I started to work on the project.

After the disastrous Novia project (too sad to relate), I had figured out how to go about it. I fiberglassed two 2"x4" stringers into the bottom of the hull, leaving one side of each clean. These would give me fair landing for two 2"x4"s that would realign the two halves after the cut. Everything looked copasetic so I grabbed the Sawzall and did the deed, still only one deposit in hand.

My standard stretch is 3', since it involves using lath which come 4'. The hull is cut at the greatest beam, and the two pieces set on an 18' plank and screwed down. All is done with reference to a centerline string. Battens at each gunwale assure that the gap is the same on each side. A small wedge under each end guards against hogging and the aforementioned 2"x4"s make the whole thing sturdy and support the bottom.

The lath, laid side by side in body putty, fill the void and lap over the glass 6" at each end. The lath is then covered with a heavy fiberglass bandage lapping well over the old glass. A framework is then built into the hull, with four legs to take wheels, and the whole contraption is carefully turned over.

The cut edge was beveled on the outside, as soon as cut, with a belt sander and/or power plane. The plane is faster but requires nerves of steel, serious hearing protection and new blades. It also makes less itchy dust. It now remains only to fill in over the lath, fair it and polish it up. It's simple enough in the telling, but rather tedious in the doing.

At about this stage, son Steven finished the old house at #130 and it was sold to finance his construction business. The upside down boat on wheels, now known as a "plug" was simply pushed down the alley to #220, another disaster leftover from the oil shale bust.

Much more trouble than the stretch had been the decision to add some freeboard forward. This is the focal point of the boat and has to be just right. Time passes.

About this time I came into possession of a pile of 22' trusses, which suggested a nice shop. However, with summer coming on, two of the trusses were set on poles and black plastic draped over. Still it was pretty hot and work lagged. With the onset of cooler weather the plug went back alongside the house, where the morning sun was welcome, and the afternoon shade as well.

While all this was going on Karl got tired of waiting, put his engine in an old sailboat hull and called for his deposit. In the meantime Stan G. up in NH and Mike in SD had signed on. Now comes Mike, prop in hand, to see if it will fit, and, I suspect, see if I really exist. The big prop calls for a deeper skeg. More work.

I have done some work on the house and the shop/garage is about finished. When I spray a little gelcoat that wonderful new boat smell is sucked up by the swamp cooler next door so I am becoming persona non grata. Spraying a whole boat here is out of

At Long, Long Last

By Jim Thayer
(Collbran, Colorado)



the question. One day during the gas drilling boom, a fella comes by and wants to buy the place. It's a neat house and I've got plans to turn it into a little gem. However, I'm getting slower every day and the boat project has got to move, so cash in hand wins the day.

The plug goes out to the peach patch, where the only utilities are daylight, natural air conditioning and space. Janis is sucked into the project, and with only one major calamity, we paint the gelcoat with a brush and manage to get the mold laid up. We then haul the whole mess back to the current abode where we will try to get it apart. In the meantime the NH guy has hit a hard patch and called for his deposit.

Fiberglass shrinks when it cures. This is great when one is pulling hulls out of female molds, but works against one when trying to get the mold off the plug. With lots of water and the tractor we manage to birth the new mold with just a slight tear at the top of the stem, an easy fix. To appreciate the forces involved, think about how much weight it would take to sink a 22' hull to the gunwales.

So now we have the mold. Home free one would think. Not so much. This is where our troubles with the gelcoat out at the Patch came back to haunt us. Besides a number of cracks, there were two large areas of alligatoring. This happens when the gelcoat is not thick enough and dries out rather than curing. It's not evident until I lay fresh resin over it and then the styrene softens it and it wrinkles up.

I spent much of an otherwise pleasant summer working over the interior of the mold. We are talking thousandths. It's sort of like grinding an astronomical telescope except that it lacks the regularity. Keep in mind that my collection of aging and worn joints no longer accommodates the positioning of my body to advantage. An inordinate amount of time was spent laying in the bottom of the mold, staring up at the sky, trying to place the project in the grand scheme of things. Eventually it was done, or as good as it would ever get.

There is an elemental rule, often disregarded in the rush to get on with it, to never change two variables at once. This breach will frequently alert that villain Murphy to



invoke one of his ordinances, resulting in grief all round. Such was the instant case.

Waxing and polishing a mold is onerous at best. A 22', waist deep at the bow, mold, with my decaying vertebrae, and the increasing gravity in these parts, prompted me to search for relief. I get literature from several companies touting miraculous materials to take the place of wax. They are merely wiped on and last many pulls. A few calls put samples on my porch.

Years ago, just after this project came over the horizon, Dennis B. and I took his camper over to Miami and did the IBEX builders show. Knowing that a 22 footer would tax the ability of my little Flit gun, I opted for a big time spray machine. My GM card, familiar with my penny ante proclivities wondered if it was really me.

In the fall of '09 with the weather window due to close, we sprayed up the A Duck-ah! mold primed with the new slickum. Everything went fine so the next weekend we tackled the big guy. By the time we got the gun cleaned up and checked the mold, the gelcoat had cured, shrunk, and pulled away from the mold surface. Two hundred bucks down the drain, plus time and effort. We pushed her to the back of the shop where she settled in for the winter.

This spring we screwed up our courage and sprayed up a white one. It has some thin gelcoat at the stem but otherwise looks good. Curing the gelcoat seems to be the crucial step. In the past I have always sprayed up the gelcoat in the late afternoon and laid up the hull first thing in the morning. Now we are considering ambient temperature, how much sun to give it, and so on. I even bought an infrared temperature gun at my local Harbor Freight.

Now we felt ready to risk another 200 bucks worth of green gelcoat. Trouble from the git-go. Specks of white gel kept clogging the gun. One-third into the project we ditched the fancy machine for the squirt gun, one quart at a time. It looked good but we must have had some thin spots. With a couple of layers in, I noticed a suspicious spot. It felt spongy and wouldn't stay down. Yep, the dreaded alligatoring. When we pulled the hull it had a number of large lesions. I guess it's mine.

By now we are a little disheartened and considering a future of dog houses and patio tree pots. Finally, we managed to suck it up and order another five gallons of green. Steven sprayed it one quart at a time and we got a pretty hull. Bergie picked it up last week. It ain't easy being a boat builder.

Western Lady is a classic launch hull. She is ideal for gas, diesel, steam or electric. With proper ballast, an old time "plank-on-edge" cutter would be a killer app. Or a schooner, yes a gorgeous schooner. Get in touch before I lose my nerve.



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Fire! At the Lucas Boatworks & Happy Hour Club

By Dave Lucas
(Cortez, Florida)

Yes, my shop did burn down. We were awakened at 5am by the sound of gunfire, which was the spray cans going off. The fire marshal could see where it started and the only thing in the area was our old shop radio. The main shop is gone but all of the other shops are good. Since we use mostly power tools we didn't have any rare hand tools. The fire burned the back half of the big green *Helen Marie* that was strip planked with $\frac{3}{4}$ " wood and glassed, took off the epoxy and glass and about $\frac{1}{4}$ " of wood. I hit it with the pressure washer and all the burned stuff came off so I'll be ready to fill and glass it again when I can. The Jacksonville surfboat is totally gone. There is no trace of it left anywhere. It's like it was made out of flash paper.

We'll get started rebuilding as soon as the insurance people finish with us. I think we'll be fine. We're still on the job in the other shops and will back to full operation soon. Lots and lots of things to do when a fire takes it all. Thank goodness the tiki hut wasn't hurt.



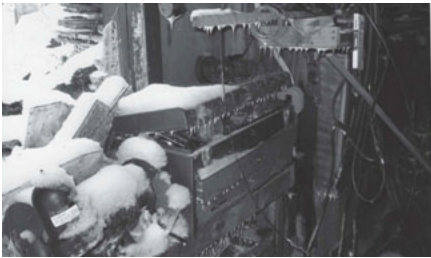
And Renewal

The new shop is finished, three months of hard work for some of us old guys. The main open boat building area is 30'x60' and the connected machine/tool area is 24'x36'. It's a real masterpiece. I'd like to take all the credit but I had help, lots of help, especially from Howard. I think he actually did more than me, I tend to poop out and retire to the tiki hut when the sweat fills up my glasses. You'd think this would hold us for a while but we can fill it up in a hurry, it's like money, you spend all you make plus a little more.





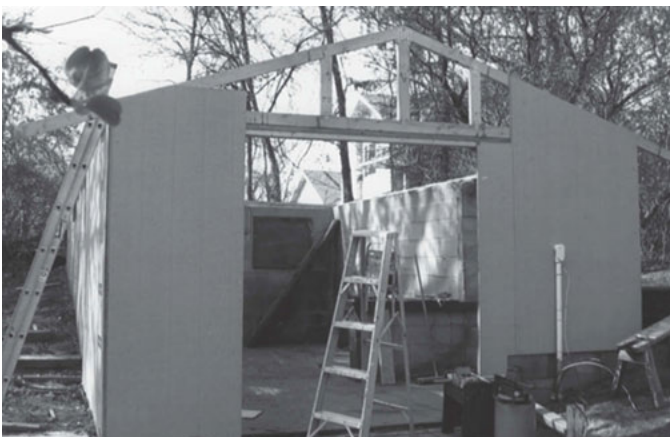
In the April issue (p.41) I wrote about the fire that destroyed my home boatshop in February. At the time I wrote about it I had no idea of what I would do to rebuild. At the time I wrote, "The adjuster seemed like an OK guy. The building he wrote off. The contents were a different story. They had to be listed along with model numbers and such pertinent info. They wanted a replacement cost and the age of each item. They would prorate the value of any tools and other losses. What is a Craftsman table saw that my dad bought in the mid '40s worth?"



By Mississippi Bob

I ended up my earlier story thusly, "Is Bob's Boats out of business? I hope not. Seventy boats came out of that shop and I don't plan to spend the rest of my life without a shop large enough to build small boats. I am just not sure where it will be. When I see the check from the insurance company I will decide what kind of shop I will have."

Well now it is summer and here are some photos of the disaster and its aftermath. A new shop has gone up where the old one stood.





On the test pond.



A Boat Named *Alice* 4.2

A Never-Ending Messing-About Story

By Chuck Corwin

As my favorite great quotes guy Yogi Berra would say, “it ain’t over ‘til it’s over.” This report is about, what for me, amounts to a real success story. I have completed a major improvement on a boat that I thought was as good as it was going to get. I’ve completed a change that pretty much eliminates the only “bugging me” feeling aspect of the design. And I now feel more comfortable about offering plans and instructions for sale.

A year ago, an article I’d written made it into *Messing About in Boats*, May 2009, “A Boat Named *Alice*.” In fact, we even made the cover. I say we, because it was my wife in the boat on the cover picture. The publication was, I thought, the commemoration trophy of a many-year design, development, plans, and instructions project. The cover got framed as a Christmas present, and my wife hoped (foolishly) that maybe now we could spend more time together, like just talking or maybe even eating out.

Actually, the thought that the project was finally finished lasted several months. It was at the 2009 West Coast Sea Kayak Symposium in Port Townsend, Washington, where the “what if” thoughts got started. It was the symposium where my *Alice* presentation was listed on the program as a “101 Pound Folding Kayak” rather than the 10lb boat it is. And I never got the promised pay for my presentation. All in all, it would seem I would have been better off staying home and talking to my wife, except that I ended up with a new friend and ultimately an idea for a significant improvement for my *Alice*.

A casual meeting with the representative for Pakboats proved the whole trip very

worthwhile. Anyone interested in folding kayaks will know that Pakboats is a major player with a quality line of canoes and kayaks. And anyone interested in folding kayaks will likely have seen the name Ralph Hoehn. Yes, Ralph, with an encyclopedic knowledge of folding kayaks, frequent internet contributions, and his connection with the German folder, Pouch. Ralph and I did some “get to know you chatting,” but mostly we talked about folding kayaks in general and our boats and dreams in particular.

For me, a really stimulating conversation, equally as stimulating as talking with my wife, but on a subject I rarely have an opportunity to chat about. Living in a white-water state, flat-water socializing is hard to come by. It’s really quite wonderful how much fun and how much a work in isolation like *Alice* can benefit from such a conversation. The brief exposure to an inquiring, inventive mind like Ralph’s was really rewarding, a look at the same problems through different eyes.

A little history: My boat, *Alice*, is named for a lake in Idaho’s Sawtooth Wilderness Area. It’s just one more gem of a lake in remote Idaho, but it’s the particular one responsible for the initial idea: how neat it would be if I could get out on lakes like this in a real boat. An elementary revelation but tough to realize. *Alice* Lake is a prime hiker/backpacker destination. A good trail but rough, six miles one way with 1,600’ elevation gain and six stream crossings (only one of which has a bridge).

Way back when I started this project, I held that the closer the pack weight approached 30lbs the less interest I had in making the trip. And as time has marched on, the 30lb limit has decreased considerably. Back to when I started the project, the only boats of interest that I could find weighed around 30lbs by themselves, not counting paddle, pfd, etc. I concluded that, for it to be a fun time on a remote lake, I needed a boat that weighed only around 10lbs. This would give me everything I needed for a day hike with a pack weight of around 20lbs.

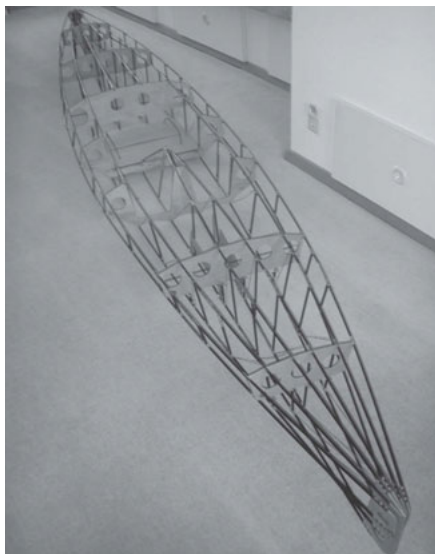
This was the starting point for an embarrassingly long design/development project. To begin, I wasn’t even sure that a 10lb boat was doable. And some fairly knowledgeable people assured me that it wasn’t.

I made a couple of test hulls from rigid building construction foam, and a wood-framed model, before I even started naming and numbering the iterations. I’m now at *Alice* 4.2. In between, I bought and learned how to use a naval architecture computer-aided design program (CAD) and got just proficient enough with the infamous AutoCAD program to turn out the plans. Because I didn’t want to be influenced by the standard accepted approaches to the problem (start with a clean slate), I may have done some re-invention of the wheel. I suspect that the vast majority of American males would rather spend an equal amount of time watching sports on TV. But who wants to be average? And it just so happens that designing boats is something I’ve always wanted to do.

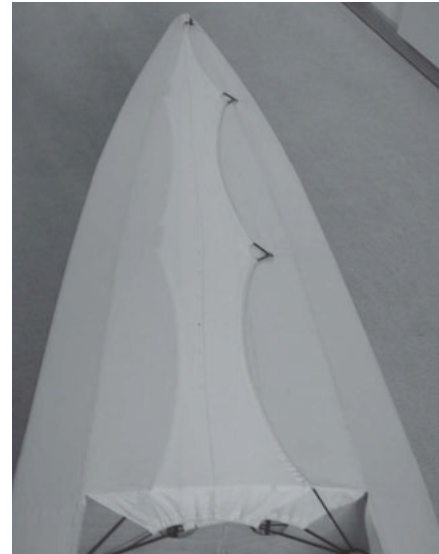
I ended up, I thought, with a 12’ 10lb kayak. A real boat, but I would have to classify it as flatwater recreation boat. It could be folded (disassembled would be a better word) and carried in a medium-sized Elver back pack. I even created plans and instructions.

Which brings up the interesting (for me at least) question, why plans and instructions? Other than building a boat for me and one for the wife, why go to the major effort of creating plans and instructions? The truth is, I’m still struggling with this question. Financial gain was never a thought. In current vernacular, an *Alice* would be a niche product. And a very narrow niche at that. From the beginning it was going to be a flatwater boat and, besides foldability, for a potential builder to be interested, weight would have to be an issue. Also, as it turned out, even if you

The interior structure.



Aft closure.



built it yourself it would not be a particularly cheap boat (currently around \$850).

Certainly, part of the reason for going on with plans was simply the challenge, the uncertainty of whether I could do an acceptable job. For me, this was the ultimate "Messing About" project. And also, although I don't want to make a big noble claim, I've got to tell you that being able to get out on these remote lakes is something really special, magical. So, believe it or not, part of the motivation was to help make it possible for other people to experience the profound pleasure I do. And although I can't assign percentage values, I'm afraid that, on the other end of the scale, ego played a major role in creating plans and instructions.

All the above-mentioned is my way of getting to the subject of this article, never leave well enough alone. I have come up with a major improvement. In any design there will be a hierarchy of satisfaction with the various elements. In other words, some aspect that's in last place for desirable characteristics. For my *Alice* boats it was assembly time. I had met my most important weight goal and disassembled volume was acceptable. But the honest (at reasonable speed and proficiency) assembly time was approximately 45 minutes. My upgrade from 4.1 to 4.2 gives me an assembly time that should almost never be more than 30 minutes. And assembly is also physically easier and more straightforward. Also, although making the skin is now a little trickier to explain, it is now easier and takes less time to make.

So could I make assembly time even shorter? Sure. I looked at a mega number of possibilities and even tested a few. However, everything I came up with either increased the weight or construction complexity by an unacceptable amount. So, for the big improvement, the frame stays the same, but the redesigned skin makes it so the frame can be completely assembled before it is inserted into the skin (in one piece). Much nicer.

In order to get the improvements past the "thinking about it" stage, I needed to fabricate a new skin for *Alice 4.1* to prove that the scheme would actually work. And since I had drawn up plans and instructions and sold a few copies, I was now obligated to modify them so as to reflect the changes. This was another long period of limited communication

Alice Lake.



with my wife. But this phase has passed, and now all I have to do is decide how and to what extent I want to promote my boat for sale.

I had only sold two sets of plans when I went to the sea kayak symposium (which proved to not be a sales opportunity). So, my only real advertising effort was the article in *MAIB* and a reprint of the article on the *Duckworks Magazine* website. I had some ideas (still do) for advertising, but it now appears that, in boat building circles, there isn't much demand. In defense of the design, I think it only fair to repeat the oft stated, "the shorter the boat the more it gets used," to which I would add, "the less a boat weighs, the more it gets used."

However, it's feeling like, if I'm going to be able to con any significant number of people into building *Alice*, they'll be mostly from the primary interest group, backpackers, who are those the boat was designed for in the first place. The obvious thing wrong with this picture is that the average dedicated backpacker probably isn't much interested in building boats. A kit would help. Part of the thinking that went into the improvement was how it would help in coming up with a kit. However, setting up for a kit would require a capital expenditure that would require an optimistic estimate of demand.

So it appears that any hope for creating a significant population of *Alices* would require somebody building them complete for sale. And there are a whole lot of things wrong with this picture. Setting up for production would require even more money than for kits and therefore an even more reasonable/confident hope for future profits. Pricing would likely be a problem since, in its present configuration, building is rather labor intensive. However, it would be possible, if there was some reliable evidence that the market was there.

One more interesting part to this story. There has been a recent, pleasant, surprise. Somebody bought a set of plans and instructions, not to build an *Alice* but to build a boat of his design using my structural approach/construction method. So, just a little more history. When I started naming and numbering *Alices* was when I finally started using lightweight trusses for the frame. Generally speaking, the greatest stress on a boat that must be provided (designed) for is equivalent to a beam that goes between the bow and the stern. The boat pushes down, and the

water pushes up. In the case of a kayak, the main load (force) down is the weight of the paddler right in the middle. Again, generally speaking, the most efficient beam (strength to weight) is some form of truss.

I'll just assume that the people reading this have at least a vague idea of what a truss is. So the structural aspect of the frame is six laterally curved trusses, the main reason the boat can weigh so little. There are some obvious tradeoffs with this but, again, light weight was the main design goal. Every designer would like to think that he has done something significant or important with his latest creation. I'm now quite sure that if that is even a little bit true for *Alice*, it is showing the potential for lightweight boats using laterally joined, discrete, longitudinal trusses for the frame.

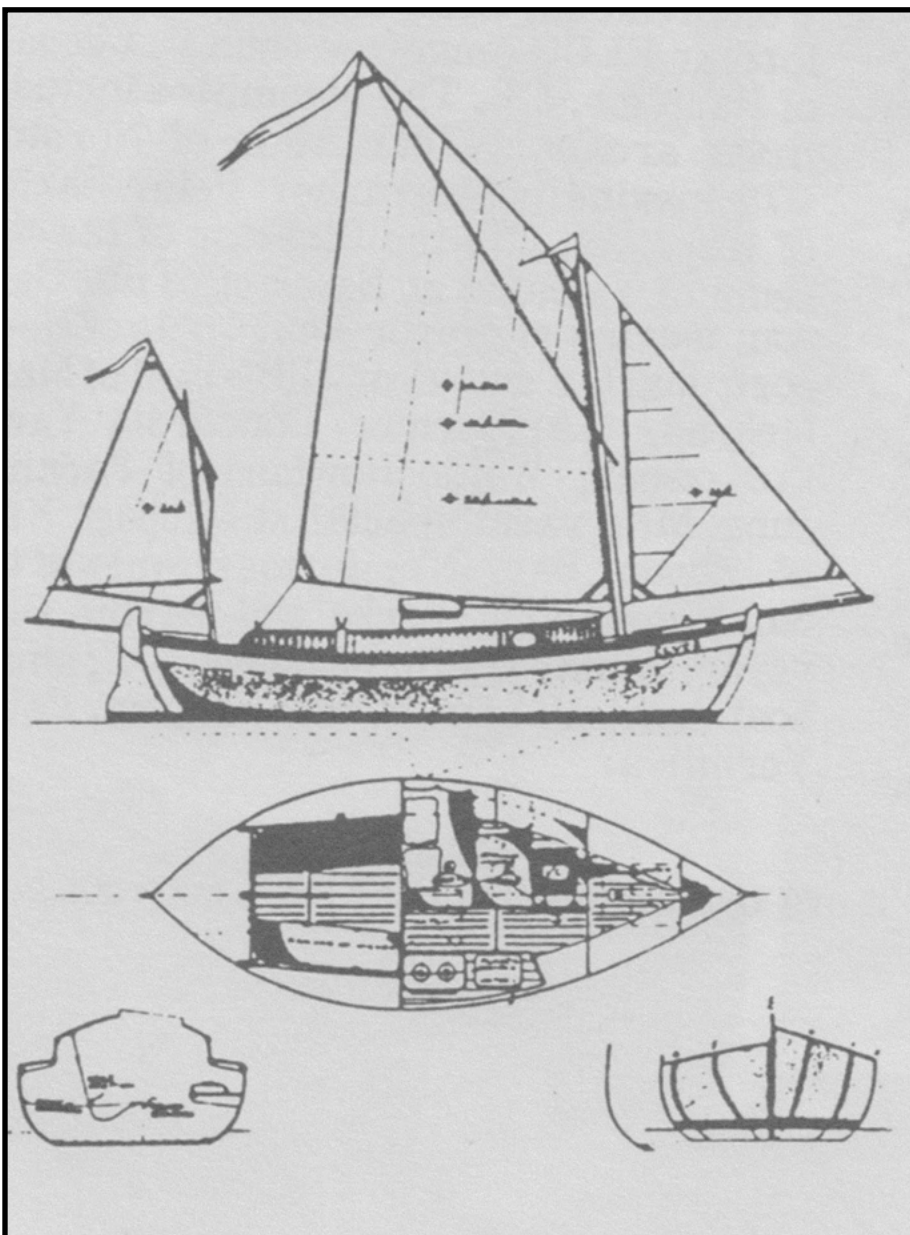
So where am I? I have three boats (gave one away) that I really like. My wife and I may not communicate to any greater extent, but we are actually getting out and getting the boats in the water, which we really enjoy. I have a great sense of accomplishment and, knowing what I know now, I'd do it all again.

For those who might be interested: a 16' roll of full scale plans and a 50 page set of instructions are available for \$100 (that includes shipping in the US).

To find out more about the boat, you should read the original article that appeared in the May, 2009, issue of *MAIB*. A copy of the article can be found by googling "duckworks-A Boat Named Alice." And/or contact Chuck Corwin, P.O. Box 689, Ketchum ID 83340, aliceboat@cox.net



The trail to Alice Lake.



25 Years Ago in **MAIB**

Sailing an Elver

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks

Jay doesn't sail his Elver off the mooring amidst the densely packed boats at Salem Willows Yacht Club. After having a chance to sail the boat myself, I can sympathize with him in this. The boat doesn't respond very nimbly to the helm. "The first time I tried to sail out of here, I must have bumped into every other boat around," Jay laughs. "I was actually going backwards at first." Well, you might be inclined to ascribe this ineptness to the skipper, but not so, Jay has plenty of sailing experience. The 20' long canoe yawl, for whatever reason, seems to be awfully slow to heed the helm.

Jay and I went out sailing on Salem Sound for an afternoon in his Elver, his is named *Ammophila*, which is the latin for beach grass. Jay is an oceanographer college professor and his yen to build Elver and sail it was based on that notion of a "beach cruiser." "I haven't yet camped out overnight, let alone on a beach," Jay confided. Now that he's gotten the boat to handle as best as he can, he's about to test the camping capabilities.

Designer Steve Redmond has sold over 500 sets of plans for this boat, undeniably an enchanting looking old timey sort of craft. The flat bottomed hull is very full bodied, the high sides well rounded, almost plumb, but pleasingly so in appearance. There's lots of room in the 20', with a sitting headroom cabin of substantial size for storing gear and bunking in. The bunk itself is pretty much a single, it's built to port from the top of the long centerboard trunk. I found I could not quite sit up straight on the bunk unless right on the amidships edge, the downward curve of the house roof is substantial.

The cockpit is so deep that I climbed down into it. The high coamings were up near my shoulder blades (I'm just 6' in height), and the seats were high enough so that my legs fell straight to the cockpit floor at 90 degrees, while my back was amply supported by the coamings. It's a very secure and comfortable cockpit for two, but not a stretch out sort of place, more of a situp comfort. Deep, spacious, but short and abruptly narrowed by the insweep of the gunwales to that canoe stern. And then there's the tiller right there with its linkage mechanism to get around the mizzen mast.

A funny thought while standing on the cockpit floor was that I was standing on the bottom of the boat. In smaller open boats this is, of course, where your feet are. But in a bigger, deeper craft like Elver, I sort of think of the cockpit floor as being an interior floor over some sort of bilge space. Not so here. That was the bottom, right there. And so close to the waterline too. Redmond claims about 4" to 6" draft.

So what about this sluggishness? Well, Jay admitted to often having to jibe around rather than tack when the boat just stopped in stays. Our first attempt to tack in the 10 to 12 knot southwesterly blowing resulted in just that, standstill until we backed around. Next



Jay rigs the jib which is set flying. Getting all three sails up takes a bit of time, The tiller linkage to get around the mizzen mast doesn't have the leverage a traditional sort of tiller provides. But there's no other way.

shot I let the boat fall off on a reach far enough to pick up some good speed, then rounded sharply up from there and got past the tack okay. It took a lot of momentum. Every time I think of that dead flat bottom, 20' long with no rocker, I can't help suspect that this has a lot to do with the sluggishness in response.

And then there's the weather helm. The rig is a traditional sprit main with no boom and a standing lug mizzen. The swing-up rudder and big centerboard both create lots of lateral plane and with the split rig provide much opportunity to try to balance the boat. Also there is the jib set flying forward. With all this to mess with, it was possible to get the helm more comfortable on a reach, the mizzen sharply trimmed in and the rudder raised somewhat eased it up. The linkage setup to get around the mizzen mast gives very little leverage on the rudder, a short lever arm of less than a foot tied to another on the stubby 2' tiller is it. So the weather helm is not easily overcome with simple mechanical leverage. It has to be juggled out by tinkering with the sails, rudder and centerboard.

"She's not very quick," Jay volunteers correctly. But that is not the point of Elver. An old timey sort of boat for comfortable cruising in skinny waters is the point. So Jay is happy enough with the leisurely performance. We spent a couple of hours mostly reaching around in Salem Sound, downwind out of the mooring area over to Naugus Head in Marblehead, then a reach over towards Misery Island near Manchester, and then a closer reach back towards Salem, with a final upwind leg into the southwester that always seems to blow out of Salem Harbor on fine summer days. We dropped sail outside

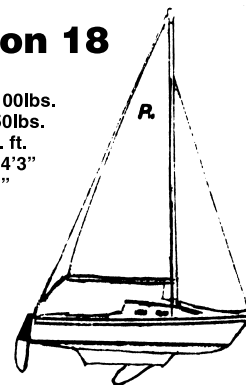
the Willows area and motored in with the 4hp outboard. The outboard is hung on a strut off the port rear quarter, no place else for it on this double ender. It's a hassle to hang it out there, a long reach over the side and back beyond the cockpit, so Jay has a lanyard on it, just in case...

"I really enjoyed building this boat," Jay explains. He spent two summers and part of a third on the construction, going to "work" every day on it, he's out of school by May, has June, July and August free of professional commitment. He did a nice job, *Ammophila* is nicely done. In workboat finish, little yachty sort of detail. And now it's time to try out that "beach cruiser" aspect, after all, with about 6" draft and that flat bottom, that's where the Elver design should shine. And *Ammophila* can come face to face with her namesake.

Precision 18

Displacement 1100lbs.
Ballast, Lead, 350lbs.
Sail Area 145 sq. ft.
Draft, Bd. Down 4'3"
Draft, Bd. Up 1'6"
LOA 17'5"
LWL 15'5"
Beam 7'5"

15' C.B.
16- B.K.
18' - 21' - 23'



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The kayak or, as it is here generally called, the baidarka is not only an important means of communication but also an indispensable part of the hunter's equipment. Beside the ordinary Eskimo type with a single man-hole there was also a two-hole type. The latter was the common hunting craft, whereas the one-hole baidarka served in porpoise hunting, fishing and traveling only. Makari (a local informant) was of opinion that also the baidarka with three holes, which is the only one in present use, antedated the coming of the Russians, but in this he was evidently mistaken. Whereas both one- and two-hole craft were observed by all early explorers in Prince William Sound, no mention is ever made of the three-hole type.

In fact, Lisiansky expressly states that they are a Russian invention made to the benefit of the Russian officials. Makari believed that the Russians had made the Chugach build their baidarkas wider. Whether this be true or not it is difficult to decide at present. However, the early Kodiak baidarkas, which were closely related to those of the Chugach, were said to be twice as wide as the Aleut type and much shorter than this (Sarytschew 1805-06, 11 36. Cf. also Langsdorff.), so perhaps we should not pay too much attention to Makari's statement.

Moreover he said that the Chugach baidarka was "better" than that of Kodiak, but that may be just an expression of tribal pride.

At the present day (1952. Ed.) only comparatively few baidarkas are left in the Sound. Still they had a renaissance in Chenega during the economic crisis about 1930, and I noticed here one specimen under construction. The price of a complete baidarka was \$75, and even in former times but a few persons knew how to build them.

The frame of the baidarka was made of hemlock, whereas the stem and stern as well as the cross pieces were of spruce. The reason for the difference in material is this that hemlock does not crack or break so easily as spruce, which is more dry. The trees were felled with a stone adze, fire was not used, and the wood was split with stone adzes and wedges of tough, young spruce wood. The fashioning of the different parts was carried out with the crooked knife, and the lashings were of spruce root.

The first parts to be made were the stem and stern pieces. The former was bifurcated, forming an upper and a lower prow. After this the gunwales were fashioned, each about 10cm wide, and then eight side streaks, four for each side were made. The keelson was a similar, but somewhat heavier piece. No less than 45 ribs were morticed into the gunwales for a depth of 5cm, after which two prow pieces were lashed to the upper prow with spruce roots. They were thin, flat pieces of wood bent up in front in continuation of the gunwales.

For a two-hole baidarka the ridge pole for the deck was made in three sections. The coaming of the manhole was a thin board. In front, on each side of the man-hole, there was a piece made of alder wood, on which the hands were placed when getting in or out of the baidarka. Outside the coaming there was another ring to which the sheathing of the boat was made fast with a string of whale sinews. Inside the baidarka two short vertical props were placed, one in front and the other one behind the man-hole. In the same places there were also cross pieces between the gunwales. Close to the stem and stern similar cross pieces were placed.

Baidarkas

By Kaj Birket-Smith (1952)

Reprinted from *Paddlers Past*
Journal of the Historic
Canoe & Kayak association

For the sheathing of a one-hole baidarka six large skins of spotted seal were necessary, for a two-hole baidarka nine, and for a three-hole twelve skins. Skins of young sea lions might also be used. The women sewed the skins together, then the men put them on the frame, and afterwards the women sewed the longitudinal seam along the deck. The seams were all double running stitches of which the innermost one was "blind", except the deck seam which was sewn with ordinary, single running stitches. Every year the skin had to be smeared with lukewarm oil, the best for this purpose being shark-liver oil. The seams were not especially smeared.

In front of each man-hole, but rather far apart, were two cross straps under which the hunting implements were placed. On the right side, in front of the foremost hole, was the harpoon with the head pointing aft and the butt of the shaft resting in the cleft between the prow pieces. The bow was also on the right side, but inside the harpoon. On the left were the throwing board and the seal club. On the right side in front of the second hole the lance was placed with the head pointing forward, and inside that another bow and a wooden quiver filled with arrows; the opening of the quiver was forward. On the left side was the whaling lance, also with the head pointing forward.

The following means of measuring when constructing a baidarka were obtained from Stepan, the only man in Chenega who was yet able to build one without assistance:

Length from stem piece to the first man-hole: one arm span.

Diameter of the first man-hole: one lower arm plus the hand.

Distance between the rims of the first and third man-hole: one arm span plus three finger widths plus one hand with outstretched thumb.

Distance from the edge of the rim of the third man-hole to stern: one arm span with the right fist closed.

Length of gunwale: three arm spans plus one lower arm and hand plus one hand with outstretched fingers.

Width of baidarka at the middle: one arm including the hand.

Length of stem piece: one lower arm including the hand.

Width of lower prow: three to four fingers.

Width of upper prow: four finger widths.

Length of cleft between prows: two thumbs plus two hand widths with outstretched thumbs.

Radius of curve of lower prow: one hand span (between thumb and middle finger).

Height of stern below the gunwale: one hand span.

In order to illustrate the size, the measurements of two baidarkas from Chenega, both three-hole specimens, are given below:

Length	155cm	160cm
Width	71cm	71cm
Diameter of man-hole	47cm	47cm
Height at stem	60cm	53cm
Height at stern	26cm	26cm

Distance stem-first hole	208cm	212cm
Distance stern-third hole	128cm	125cm

A one-bladed paddle was generally used. It had a spear-shaped blade and a crutch handle at the end of the shaft. The paddles of the two baidarkas mentioned above measured as follows:

Total length	155 cm	160cm
Length of blade	80 cm	81cm
Width of blade	13 cm	12cm

A third paddle, now in the Copenhagen museum, has a blade painted green and now much worn at the edges; length of shaft 51cm; blade 51cm x 10cm.

The paddler was kneeling and took two or three strokes on one side, then two or three on the other. Although the baidarka, as compared with the Greenland kayak, was a rather clumsy craft and the manholes of considerable width, a skilled paddler wearing the sleeveless gutskin jacket tied around the coaming of the hole and below his armpits was nevertheless able to turn over in it. If a single man turned over in a two or three-hole baidarka, the empty holes were covered up with gutskin. The water that by and by penetrates into the interior of the boat is sucked up in a sort of siphon; then the lower hole is closed with a finger and the water drained out. The siphon is spindle-shaped and made of one piece of wood split lengthwise, hollowed out and again lashed together. A specimen from Chenega, now in the National Museum of Denmark is 46cm long and has a maximum diameter of 17.8cm.

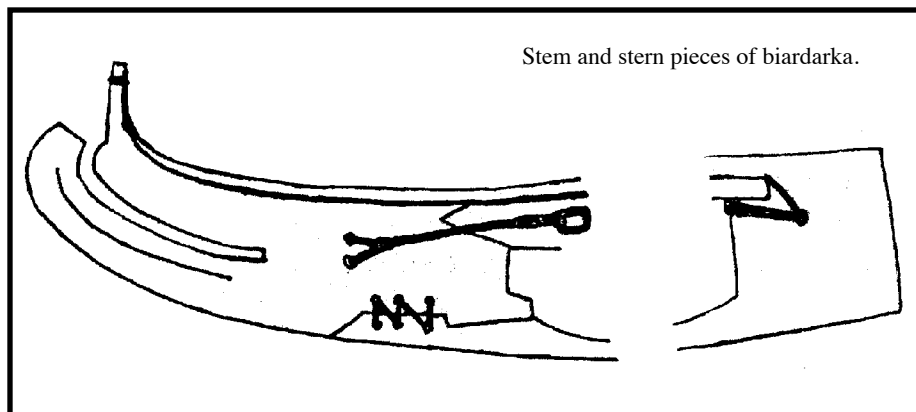
On journeys and hunting excursions sleeping blankets were carried inside the middle of the baidarka, while food and bags with spare spear-heads were stored away aft. Fred Allen said that inflated seal and bear bladders were carried in the baidarkas as life-preservers, but the correctness of this statement seems doubtful. When crossing the ice the baidarka was carried on the shoulders, and in the village it was placed on a wooden scaffold with the bottom upwards, or inside the house. In the winter, ice is scraped from the deck with the paddle; no special kayak scraper is known. In very cold weather the skin cover is liable to freeze and crack at the seams and then may break. Not a few men have drowned that way. If they can afford it, the modern Chugach therefore prefer to use gas boats in the winter.

Skin Boats and Dugouts

The typical open skin boat or umiak of the Eskimo, the baidar of the Russians, has now entirely disappeared from Prince William Sound. It was of considerable size, holding sometimes more than twenty people. One man steered, and three or four (according to Ma Tiedemann even six) men were paddling on each side. Fred Allen said that the large war baidars were able to carry as many as twenty or thirty men. The paddle had a single blade and differed from the Nootka type (NW Coastal Indian people) in not having a long point. In later times they had square sails of blankets, with one boom at the top and another one across the bottom. Makari did not know what the sail was made of originally, but denied that it was of gutskin as in the eastern Arctic and at Bering Strait. The probability is, therefore, that the material was some sort of matting. Sails of this kind occurred both on Kodiak and in the Bering Sea region.

When building a baidar the Chugach would make the stem first and then proceed to the gunwales, thwarts, ribs, keelson, side laths, etc. There were six side laths and ten ribs. The latter were made in three pieces, probably one bottom piece and two up-standers. It seems that the gunwales projected somewhat both before and aft. The stem piece was made of a naturally curved piece of wood, whereas the stern was straight. This detail is confirmed by Cook, who tells us that the Chugach baidar resembled the Greenland umiaq "with no other difference than in the form of the head and stern; particularly of the first, which bears resemblance to the head of a whale". Merck noticed "grosse Lederboote" in Prince William Sound, but gives no description of them. While the length of the baidar varied somewhat according to the wish of the builder, the width was fairly fixed, i.e. about 150cm at the bottom and 215cm at the top. For the sheathing twenty large seal skins were needed.

Makari mentioned another kind of boat that was called aniaq and was used by the Russians. It had two masts, and the bottom was made of a large sea-lion skin. The word aniaq is the ordinary name of the baidar on Kodiak, so it may be surmised that at Prince Williams Sound



Stem and stern pieces of biardarka.

it refers to the perhaps slightly modified Kodiak type of skin boat introduced by the Russians.

Beside the skin boats the Chugach also had wooden dugouts. They were observed by Merck and are likewise mentioned in the traditions. Moreover, several specimens were found in the Palatal cave. The shape is similar to that of the Eyak and there can be no doubt that the latter was the prototype of the Eskimo craft. A model of a wooden canoe from Chenequa in the Berlin museum is shaped more like

the Tlingit type with strongly projecting stern and stern (but without stem figures). On the side is the figure of a whale with a high dorsal fin painted in red and black, together with some incomprehensible scrolls reminiscent of a misunderstood Tlingit design. Mat Tiedemann mentioned a "sealskin" canoe called Arakviq; apparently this word is identical with the Eyak term for a small dugout, and may be the Eskimo appellation for the dugout. Seal-skin canoes are otherwise unknown.

Mekong River Sampan

By John W. Cooper

Recently I received a brochure from The William & Mary Alumni Association describing a tour entitled "Mysteries of the Mekong River." In the brochure is a great picture, that I have enclosed, of a "scrum" of busy sampans. The two perky sampans in the foreground show features of the setup for a standing, forward facing rower that should appeal to *MAIB* kayakers, rowers, and canoeists.

From homo erectus on to us homo sapiens, we were designed to do work while standing, not sitting. Standing permits us to use the full strength of our arms, backs, and legs. We are not meant to do work while sitting. Sitting is for use in the cockpit while telling tall sea stories. Doing work while sitting chafes our crotch, as on a standard "A" frame bicycle, or numbs our butt while kayaking, rowing, or riding a recumbent bike. Canoeists get numb knees.

The features shown include: 1) Tall pedestals to support long oars. 2) The oars have some type of rope bindings instead of oar locks. The bindings keep the oars at a fixed distance along the shank while still permitting the pitch to be easily changed. As shown in the boat on the left, the tall pedestal also makes it easy to stow the oars. 3) The crossed oars have "T" handles that probably make them easier to use than our normal straight oar handles. 4) The raised platform in the stern, combined with the tall pedestals, facilitate the use of long oars and strokes. Long strokes brings into full play the rower's arms, back, and leg muscles for a full-body-workout guaranteed to make "six-pack-abs-of-steel!"

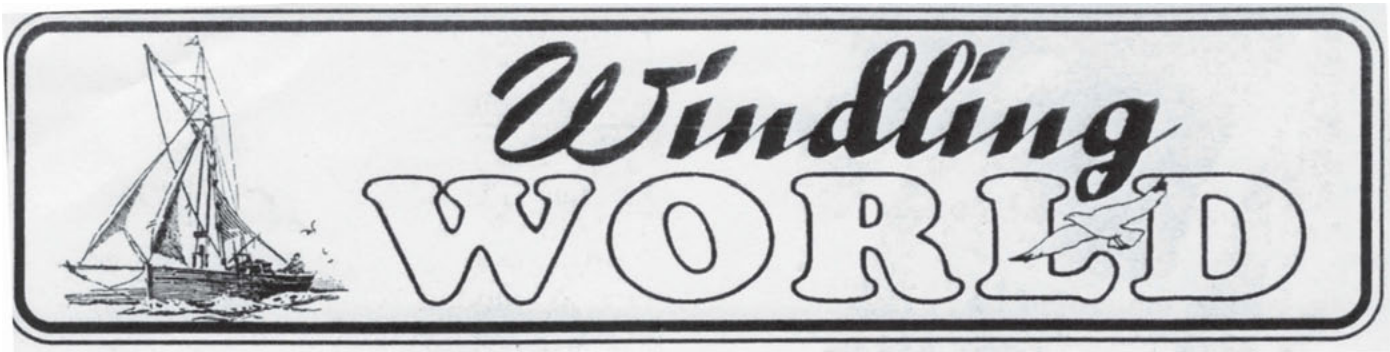
The stern platform can also be used for sweeping a powerful Chinese yuloh or scull



oar while standing. The continuous propeller-like action of the yuloh would be superior to the pair of oars in deep or rough waters.

Years ago I bought the plans for a yuloh from MacNaughton Yacht Design <http://www.macnaughtongroup.com/> for use aboard my jonboat. However, I never made it because I turned in the jonboat for a sailboat.

A final note: Looking at the construction of these sampans, as shown in the one on the right, we see that they are not crudely made boats. The multiple ribs and high bulwarks show craftsmanship comparable to the finest wooden Adirondack guide boat. Along the Mekong, materials are expensive but the labors of skilled craftsmen are not.



Windling WORLD

*A sinking recalled, yawl(ing) about,
a pickle in the bath, and a reminder
to myself to one day evict Oskar!*

Disasters at “sea,” they do happen in the model yacht world more often than one would believe, but the trouble is that most times when water gets inside the boat, the man sailing it at the pond or lake edge rarely takes the photograph because he hasn’t got his camera and he’s too damn busy anyway. My friend, Tony Searle in Poole, Dorset in the UK watched his Thames sailing barge, *Serenie*, take in water and roll some years ago and either he or someone else took a series of photos, one of which I share with you good folk here. This is just to remind you that it happens.



Serenie in the Straits of Dire.

Y’all take note now, please, yawls appear to be in vogue again in the model yacht world. Everyone has heard of *Dorade*, one of the prettiest and competitive yawls of them all which the late Olin Stephens designed in his early days. She’s still around today having outlived her designer. A quite magnificent model of the boat has been built by Helmut and Gisela Scharbaum of Germany who sail at Minisail events in Europe. The photograph is yet another stunning one by Hans Staal of the Netherlands. The model? Well you chaps form your own opinions.



A magnificent *Dorade*, by Helmut and Gisela Scharbaum. Hans Staal photo.

A second RC yawl has been around for some years in California. Built and owned by Robert Fisher, the 50” on deck model shown is of his *Marybeth*. The real boat, which in earlier years three generations of the Fisher family have been associated with, was the



“I must go down to the pond again...”

catalyst that spurred Robert towards making the much prized model. I was delighted when he made contact with me, which has enabled me to include the photo of *Marybeth*.



Robert Fisher’s *Marybeth*.

Another friend, square rigger man Neville Wade in the UK, has a model of *Sheila*, the Albert Strange designed yawl. There are two more yawl RC models being built elsewhere that I know of and a further one “being talked about”... you know, “I’m talking about it cos I’m mulling over the possibility of giving some serious thought to considering building one”... you get the picture?

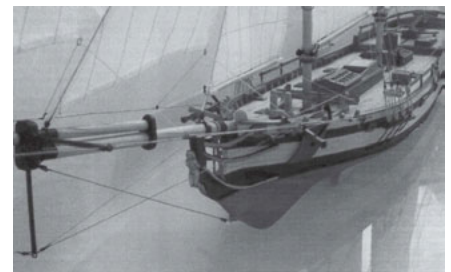
I’ve got a lovely little yawl myself, one built by Roy Lake that I’m hoping to refit with radio and perhaps get sailing again one day before I say goodbye to y’all and depart for personally unfamiliar shores. Meanwhile, in *Oskar* a wee sort of “relative” mouse, uses the cabin most nights. I must serve a rodent eviction notice and get it done soon. If I knew



South end of Northbound *Oskar*.

what I was doing in the “boat repair and fix ‘em arena” I’d be downright dangerous. I’d have jobs that needed doing done before they needed doing!

One does not usually carry a pickle into ones bathtub does one? Oh, I don’t know, they are fabulous for poking up the ears to clear the wax I’ve been told! This one shown in the photograph as it floats in his Falmouth,



HMS Pickle in the bath. Not to be confused with *HMS Bath* in a pickle.

Coornwall bathtub was built by a dear friend, Ken Impey and is an RC model of the replica *Pickle*. A warning here, check with the Harbour Master before you lower your model into the Missus’ bath! The actual near full-size *HMS Pickle* replica was built in 1995 for the Battle of Trafalgar Bicentenary.

And so onwards we windle,
neath tropic sun,
enthusiastic ones through
storms cloud weep,
trim the sails and rudder brudder,
you’ve got no udder
way to pukka steer this model
o’er ponds deep

Historic Vessel *Jacob Pike* Finds a New Home

Penobscot Marine Museum Sells
Locally-Built Sardine Carrier
To Preserve It

From Bob Holtzman
(Searsport, Maine)

Penobscot Marine Museum has sold its 83' sardine carrier *Jacob Pike* to a private party who will repair and maintain the historic vessel in Rockland, Maine, near where it was built. The new owner is Mr Jamie Steeves, who owns J&J Lobsters in Rockland with his fiancée, Joanne Campbell.

"We're thrilled to have found so good a home for the *Jacob Pike* and that she will remain in the region," said Niles Parker, the museum's executive director. "We feel a deep obligation to conserve this historic vessel, and transferring ownership to Jamie is part of that commitment. He'll bring a high level of energy and experience to the *Pike's* future, and he's dedicated to maintaining her historic value."

The *Jacob Pike* was built in 1949 by Newbert and Wallace in Thomaston, Maine, and worked between Gloucester, Massachusetts, and the Canadian Maritimes, taking on sardine catches from fishing vessels and delivering them to canneries. In 2007, years after her retirement, she was given to Penobscot Marine Museum, which used her as a working exhibit of Penobscot Bay's fishing and boat building industries. After steaming the *Pike* to several ports and festivals, the museum commissioned a survey to assess her long-term viability. The survey revealed conditions that precluded her use as an edu-



Jamie Steeves will take over the care of the sardine carrier *Jacob Pike* from Penobscot Marine Museum. The historic vessel was built in 1949.

cational vessel, and indicated that the costly process of rebuilding her to comply with Coast Guard requirements for carrying passengers would have destroyed much of her historical significance. In response to these findings, the museum decided to seek a buyer who could care for her properly.

Steeves, who has committed himself to the task of refurbishing the vessel, recently completed the rebuilding of the *Rockland Gulf*, a historic wooden-hulled tanker of a size similar to the *Pike*. Steeves will bring the *Pike* to North End Shipyard in Rockland, where she will undergo repair and refitting.

"We want to do what's best for the boat," said Steeves. "At North End Shipyard, I know it'll receive the best care possible."

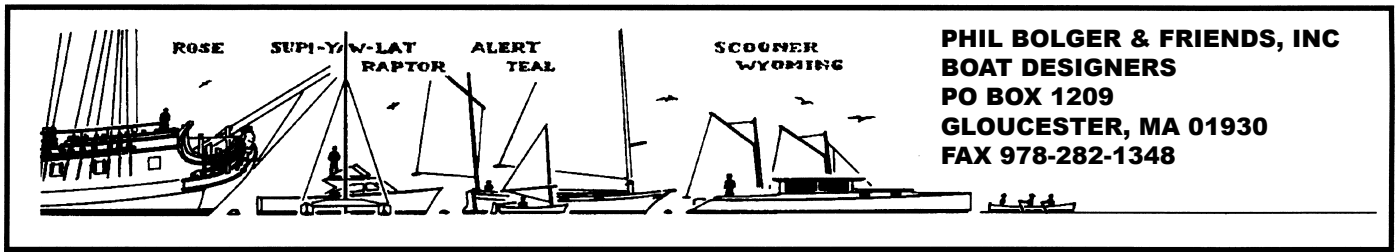
Following repairs, Steeves plans to use the *Pike* as a bait carrier and to berth her in Rockland, where she will remain

a visible reminder of the city's working-waterfront heritage.

Penobscot Marine Museum is Maine's oldest maritime museum and home to the state's largest display of historic boats and outstanding collections of marine art and artifacts, ship models, and historic photography. Its campus, including four ship captains' homes, two boat houses, a town hall, a carriage house, and other buildings, recreates a bustling coastal village during the Age of Sail. Activities and exhibits for children and year-round adult programs make it a special place for family visits and history enthusiasts. Admission is free for Searsport residents. The Museum is located on US Rt 1 in Searsport, Maine, between Camden, Bangor, and Mt Desert Island. More information is at www.PenobscotMarineMuseum.org or call (207) 548-2529.

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Phil's book *Boats With An Open Mind*, published in 1994, featured the original version of Design #585 in Chapter 13, pp.56-62 under the heading "Cruising Rowboat". She was designed 19 years ago, late 1991, for a client who would indeed have her built and took her cruising, first regionally and then very long-range. Long-time readers of *MAIB* will recall that the following article on her came after we'd done a significant "Upgrade of Design #585" for another client who was eyeing the wilds of the Pacific; this write-up was first run in the April, 15th, 2000 issue of *MAIB*, Vol. 17, No. 23, pp. 23-26.

Readers seasoned in distinguishing between Phil's writing and my technical prose will find their sensibilities confirmed that this article is a mix of both our voices. Soon after we got together and as design/projects progressively came to feature "shared authorship", Phil would often write his perspective first and then have me have at it to add whatever we came to agree relevant to the commentary of our work. He literally insisted and was very supportive to show both of our minds at work in this venture he proposed in 1993 for both of us to partake in on every level of life and work.

Occasionally, an article would be all his (again), and then there would pieces with my "heavy hand" clearly discernable across the

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

"Hermes"

Design #585
 A Retrospective and
 Long Overdue Update

21'0" Length x 5' Beam
 2050 Displacement Full Cruising Load

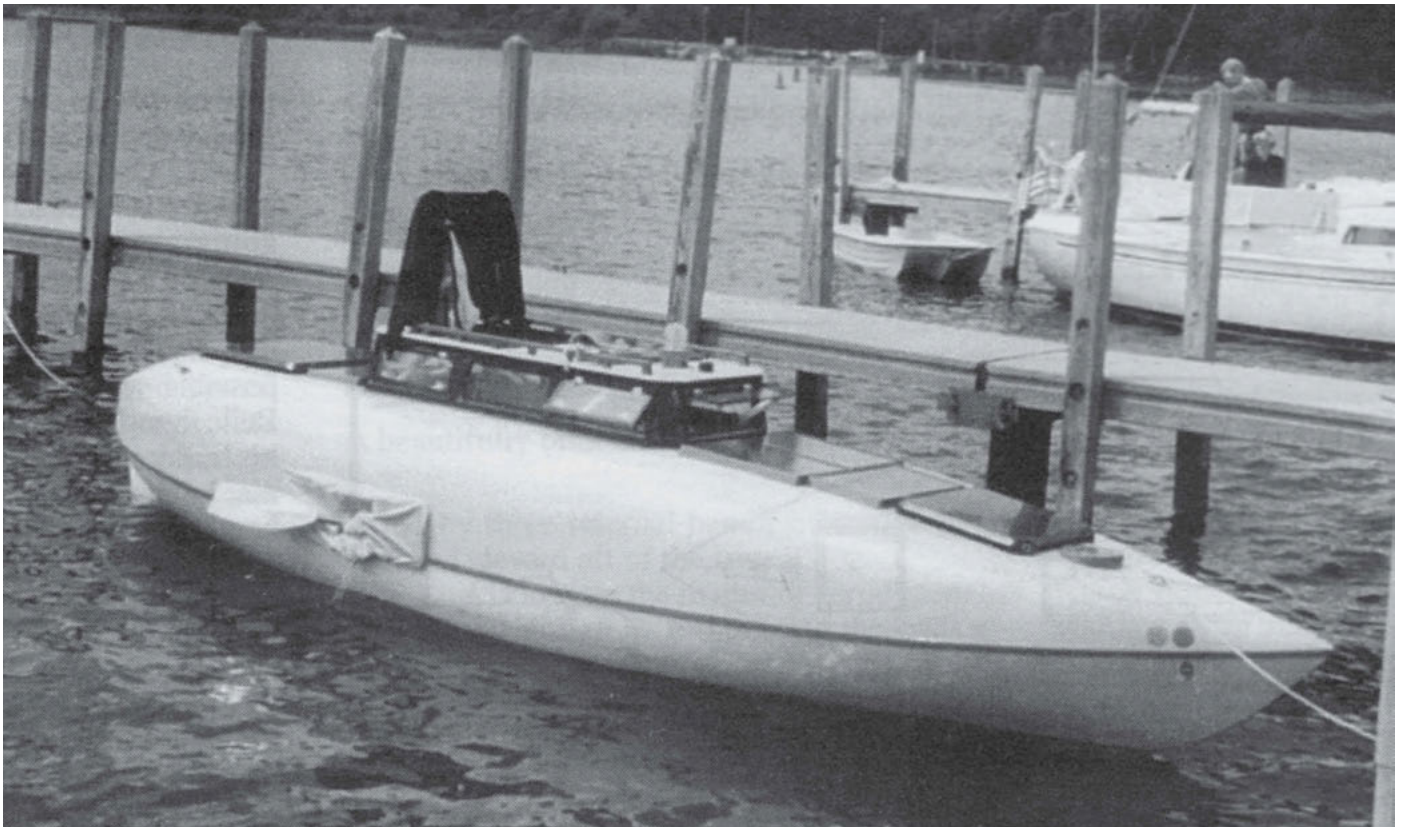
majority of word-count, with much less elegant syntax and word choices, not to mention overall approach to the project of verbally sharing conceptual assumptions. Phil was a writer seasoned by decades of clearly enjoying crafting a narrative on a design on one day, and then working on fiction when he felt inspired, always on the indispensable background of extensive and ongoing reading across a broad range of subjects, a habit he would never break, could never break since it was as vital to him as breathing.

My prose, on the other hand would, and likely always will, amount to a "bolted-together" assembly of reasonable syntax, concepts, and hopefully plausible spelling, pretty much devoid of literary ambitions, a most appropriate approach to take as a non-native speaker with decidedly limited sensitivities towards such tastes and appetites. Therefore it will always be easy to tell who said what and that is just fine with me, as long as the points on my mind are made comprehensively. The important thing is that Phil's books published so far, and several more manuscripts to get into print, will always retain his personal signature, speak in his voice.

This rerun of the April 15th, 2000 article is Part One of a Two-Part installment in this and next issue. One might argue that the design would be worth revisiting on its own terms for its unusual character for a very unusual application, solo ocean-crossing under oars. But the point of this exercise is to review our perspective of ten years ago in order to lay the groundwork for "the other half of the story". The prototype would eventually cross the Atlantic Ocean indeed.

Next Issue: Part 2 will outline how both boat, the original prototype, and man were tested during a voyage driven by determination to finish the project and guided by strongly-held personal perspectives.

At first glance impressively sleek, but the protruding hatches and angular canopy negate much of the streamlining.



This boat was initially designed for cruising around Lake Michigan from the neighborhood of Chicago as far as Mackinac Island. Nenad Belic specified that she be able to carry half a ton of supplies and keep the sea in any weather, in case a dream cruise across the North Pacific came to pass.

The project of a dedicated long-distance solo rowing cruiser is an interesting shift from the thinking that generally underlies sail or power-based cruisers. As should be the case in any design work basic premises must be recognized, formulated and re-examined. To arrive at a defensible degree of overall conceptual coherence three basic factors appear to dictate the design parameters of a long-distance rowing craft: 1.) Ergonomics; 2.) Hydrodynamics; 3.) Aerodynamics.

1.) Ergonomics: The most fundamental issue in long-distance rowing is maintaining physical endurance/health throughout the effort. Covering the distance in itself is demanding enough. But you cannot afford suffering the decidedly unnecessary fatigue inherent in being continuously exposed to sun, wind, rain as when at the oars of conventionally configured rowing craft. What is required is an overall layout that will keep clothes dry, the skin protected from sunburn, the body well nourished and well rested, with communication and navigation gear handy.

Anything that could interfere with the optimal "working conditions" during the demanding project must be avoided by design. The living/work environment must support your concentration on covering the fewest miles towards the destination. You need a durable and safe "all-purpose" shelter that will allow you see, breathe, work, sleep for weeks at a time within immediate reach of oars, food, navigation and communication gear.

2.) Hydrodynamics: You need a hull shape that allows optimum progress under oars, while carrying the supplies necessary for single-handed long distance rowing. At the power a single oarsman can keep up, a boat more than 15' long doesn't go fast enough for wavemaking to be significant. All her hydrodynamic drag is from wetted surface friction. The most effective way to reduce wetted surface is to make the boat compact. Between weights of structure, gear and supplies, and single crew, the one short ton full load displacement aimed at here could be carried by a hemisphere 5' in diameter; the boat would be a complete sphere, half immersed. That would have the minimum of wetted surface, but at about 2mph high drag from wavemaking and turbulent flow would set in, and she would not go straight without a big skeg which would put back a good deal of the saving in surface area. Some tank tests on a proposed hemispherical floating fort showed that at a very low speed, aimless eddies enveloped the rudder and made it uncontrollable. Besides, the 5' sphere has no place in which to lie down.

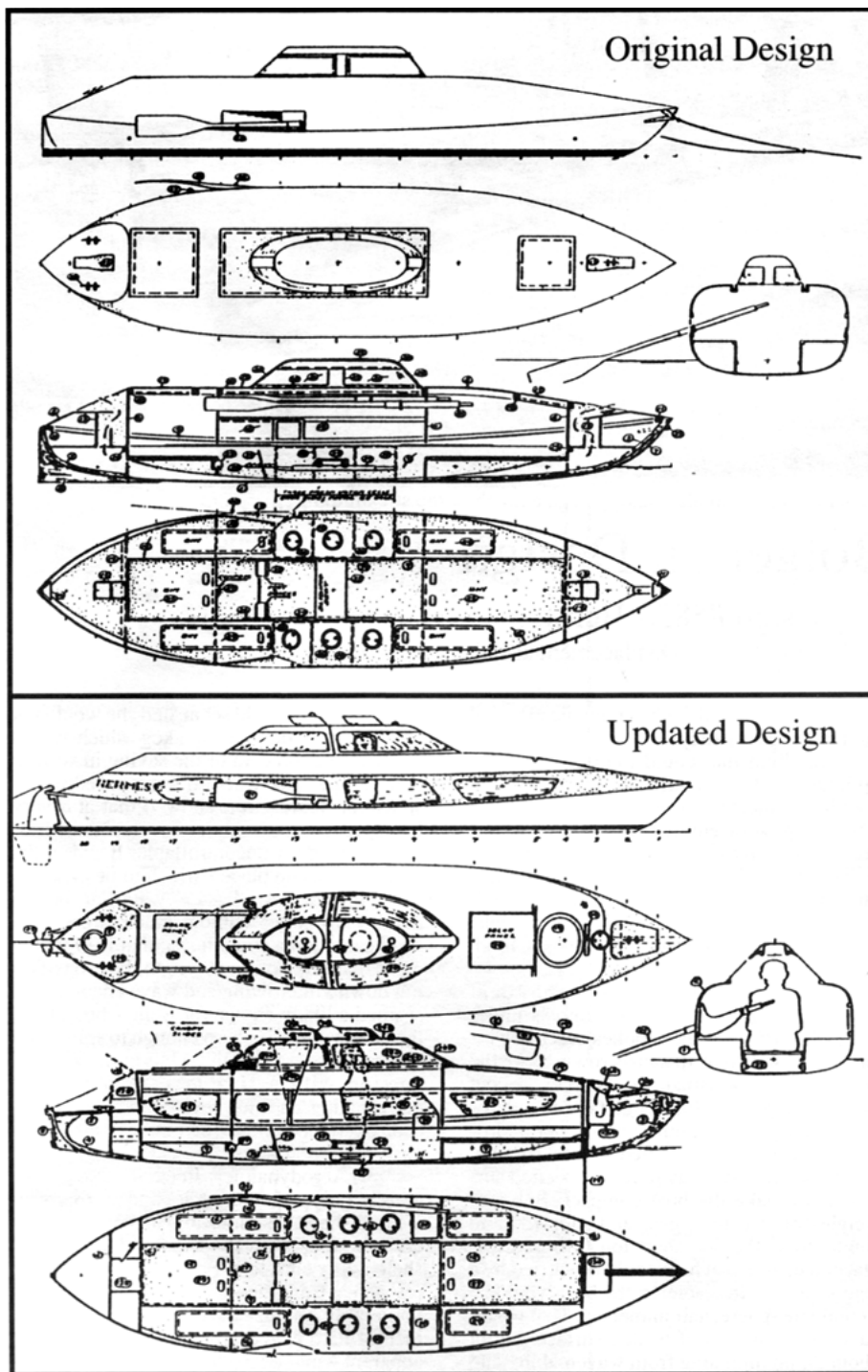
Phil has rowed a 19' waterline boat a good many miles without much stress. In a dead calm and a smooth sea, that is probably more than the optimum length, but considering downwind rowing and wave encounter, it seemed a likely choice for Belic's boat. Here the bow was made sharp enough to split small waves, the stern full-lined but in the original version with a sizable skeg to control eddymaking and this revised version with a foot operated rudder for better control in a variety of conditions.

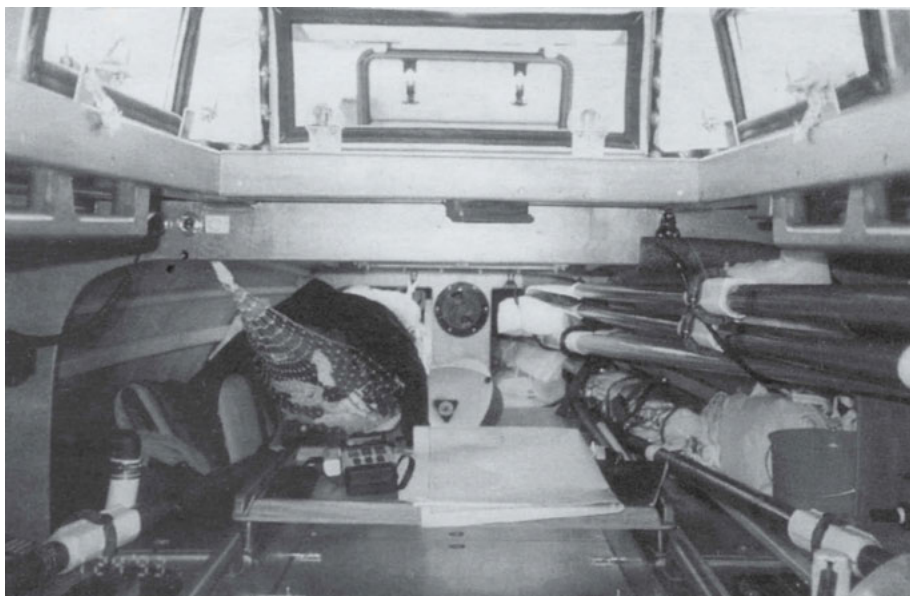
3.) Aerodynamics: In addition to proper consideration of ergonomics and an appropriate hull shape, a serious long distance rowing craft requires a low resistance shape for the shelter. Any unnecessary built-in aerodynamic resistance from the forward 180 degrees will intolerably penalize the oarsman. Each square inch of hard edged protrusions square to the apparent wind will result in an immediate loss in the efforts of the oarsman to move the boat forward.

Counting on "sailing" downwind routinely is typically part of most long distance rowing navigation. But it can't be relied upon. Whether simply not to be blown off more than that unavoidable on every break taken during the day, or drifting far off course hanging on a drogue during a blow offshore, or just staying safely away from the perils of a lee shore

in moderate weather, condemning the oarsman by design to pushing pounds and pounds of additional resistance for every stroke into unfavorable winds would be a dubious mental lapse at best and can be a life and death issue. Counting the strokes, the numbers of incremental losses will really add up and could add days of additional apparent miles of rowing. Overall a slippery superstructure shape simply means faster progress toward the destination, and rowing with the good conscience that progress is about as good as it can be without obvious arbitrary avoidable built-in losses nagging at every stroke.

If you could count on calms you might be able to cover as much as 40 miles a day and get into places open to no other enclosed boat. Phil has been comfortable for a month in worse cabins. This one could theoretically be rearranged





A beautifully built and organized interior. Note the racked oars.

to accommodate a couple, with increased daily range from double stamina by taking turns rowing, but less overall range as a result of having to divide her load of provisions by two. She really is optimized for just one person and would get tight quickly with two.

Directional control was meant to come from her skeg along with the option of taking a rudder the owner intended to try; it may pay when rowing before the wind. A shorter deep fin was dismissed as a catcher of flotsam hard to keep clean. We even discussed fitting a leeboard to keep her from crabbing in side winds, but my guess is that the shallow, rounded hull will make less drag by crabbing than the drag of a leeboard big enough to stop the crabbing. The leeboard might be a godsend if she had to work along a lee shore in an overpowering wind. In the end it never found its way onto the drawings, and as clean as she was on paper she would have been spoiled some by a leeboard.

As designed, she was given everything to cut wind resistance to enable her to keep going against and across some wind. The rounded-off raised deck with flush hatches and recessed ventilators, and the rounded hood for the oarsman's head, were designed for the least possible wind drag in all directions. Nenad Belic thought that this was less important. With his builder, Steve Najjar of Palo Alto, California, he devised an angular aluminum-framed hood with hinged windows, and fitted her with metal-framed hatches that protrude up to a couple of inches above deck. It was no doubt more pleasant to have this size cupola surrounding the head. But, as a matter of priorities, wind resistance seems about doubled! The problem of the original design was less than ideal ergonomics, but everything is a weighing of priorities. A full length shallow keel was deemed necessary by them for tracking, apparently before the boat was launched.

On even the cleanest of hulls though, a strong wind forward of the beam will break the heart of any oarsman. All that can be done is to wait it out, beached, anchored, or, off-shore, riding to a parachute drogue. The pendant shackled to the eye in the stem takes the warp of anchor or drogue clear of chafe. With an air mattress in the footwell on the axes of

pitch and roll, and with a radar reflector displayed, the oarsman waits out the bad chance in patient relaxation. The boat can be closed in tight, with ventilation from the baffled openings at the ends. These vents are ducted to preclude flooding even with the boat bottom-up, and she is instantly self-righting from bottom up. Still even these ducts are designed to lock everything but a trickle out. In better weather, ventilation is controlled by opening the three hatches at various angles, retaining shade, but then adding dramatically to drag.

The oarports accommodate 9' oars with counterweighted looms, with two pairs of 8' oars slung up under the deck in reserve to allow "shifting gears" in light versus heavy conditions. The oars can be laid in almost parallel, and passed inboard from the laid in position. The ports are valved with loose sleeves inside, slack enough to allow a full swing of the oars without binding. The wrists of the sleeves open wide enough to pass the blades of the oars through but are gathered around the looms, near the grips with elastic lashings.

The boat was designed before Nenad Belic chose a builder so I showed sheathed strip planking as the least demanding way to execute the complex shape. Steve Najjar preferred cold molding which saved a couple of hundred pounds of weight with no loss of strength. Another possibility would have been a foam-cored or balsa-cored fiberglass sandwich shell.

Called *Lun* by Belic, she was launched in California by April '93 and was rowed for a bit on San Francisco Bay. She soon migrated to the western shore of Lake Michigan. As it turned out, she was eventually used to make one successful west-to-east crossing of Lake Michigan.

While published far and wide in our *Boats With An Open Mind*, the design lingered as an obviously very specialized tool for a select few who would care to engage in a long distance rowing project. Recent Atlantic crossings in a fleet of dedicated one-design craft, though, sparked a western rower to consider her as a tool for a personal adventure. As we had observed, he noted in those boats' basic concepts what seemed a limited understanding of, or interest in, the basic requirements.

Quite a few people made it across, but we agreed that the relative suffering was unnecessarily enhanced and probably in part responsible for the failure of those who turned back or were picked up. He stated eagerly to build #585 and we took the opportunity to rethink certain aspects of her. Her shape and structure would stay the same but details of ventilation, light, hatch utility etc. were upgraded.

Most importantly, we opened up her interior by adding sizable polycarbonate windows along her beltline where her midsection had been purposefully kept flat vertical. Now the rower would be able to see the water run close by the boat for both pleasure and perhaps motivation as to her apparent speed at such close range. And when resting in the bunk area, merely lifting the head some would allow instant scan of a good part of the horizon.

Also opened up was the canopy area itself. While we made it much wider at its base along the deck, the angle of its sides is gentler than before, making up aerodynamically for its increased cross-section head on with better flow of winds from anywhere forward and abeam but straight ahead. The point was to have more room around the shoulders and head for both less risk of claustrophobia when she's all closed up during a wet and cold period and to allow easy use of binoculars, for instance.

The forward section of it is solidly attached to the deck for a reliable tight fit, while the sliding and removable rear half has to be locked shut during very strong blows and risk of roll-over from breakers. Two removable sections would enhance the risk of both getting torn off leaving a gaping hole in her deck and, while she is unsinkable, both boat and crew would be at tremendous risk from swamping and respective structural loads on the hull in severe conditions.

The channels in the deck which accept the runners of the rear half serve just to orient the sliding assembly to not bind; between likely cost, convolution, and corrosion issues we tried to avoid any mechanically advanced mechanisms. What keeps the hatch from perhaps from being picked up by a sudden gust are simple lanyards/bungee cords reaching down to cleats screwed to longitudinals, allowing ready adjustability. With a third lanyard remaining permanently attached for safety from loss, the whole sliding assembly can be lifted off and, with some effort but assisted by three internal handles, brought below and stowed aft of the rower.

This brings up the matter of aerodynamics versus ventilation, minimizing the craft's overall resistance to the limited power under oars while respecting the urge to row in fresh air, sort of outside.

First of all, for basic ventilation she has a larger air intake forward that is fully baffled and inversion protected from swamping her through it. Bow and stern ventilation are meant to be left open continuously in all but the worst weather. As before, the ducting is self-draining overboard, and this opening is securely closeable against breaking seas over the bow.

The same goes for the stern ventilation, now modified though into two halves to allow a low but wide enough outward opening hatch allowing the crew to be able to work on her rudder assembly or to just get back aboard after a tethered swim, avoiding craggy handholds otherwise necessary to reach her top

hatch. In light of her primary purpose to move forward, her stern is the aerodynamically dirty end of her, at which big stern cleats, square upright transparent hatch, and perhaps a fishing rod holder can be placed next to the optional VHF antenna that is usually carried folded horizontally between radio sessions, all without serious penalty: going downwind, the push of the wind against her squarer stern won't harm her progress a bit.

In really nasty conditions, blowing hard and wet from any side, it may be necessary to lock her regular vents and of course keep the canopy locked tight. Then the two plywood bread-and-butter assembled vent turrets at the highest point of the boat's structure can be oriented throughout 360-degrees, oblique or direct to or away from the wind, to maximize airflow and minimize water entry. One would blow air and not too much spray into the boat while the other would ventilate downwind, also to limit the likelihood of the transparency fogging up from humidity that has no direct way out.

When at risk of rolling over in breaking seas, these 8" openings in her canopy can be closed tightly with screw-in plates. Then crew would have to "hold its breath" until further notice. On the other hand, in moderate and light conditions on a drogue for the night her bow would draw in air and the two turrets facing downwind will reliably exhaust stale warmed up air and humidity rising up and out.

Finally, apart from serving as the basic access hatch to her interior for crew and supplies, the sliding canopy would be opened a crack for just shooting the sun, or lifted off and taken below altogether. When to do this would obviously depend on wind direction versus the need to make progress under oars. Heading into the wind on a hot day would suggest taking the canopy below in order not to have it act as a very significant wind scoop drastically slowing progress. The same would likely be advisable with a beam wind. Rowing downwind, the scoop effect of the rigid forward canopy half would be an advantage, hot day or cool. It obviously all depends on location, conditions, the rower's ambitions for the day. But



A very sleek hull is marred here by high-drag hatches and a canopy which continued to drip. No inversion-proof ventilation was fitted and nearly 10sf of unnecessary drag was added with the inefficient shallow keel.

smart canopy and hatch management should result in the best possible combination of comfort and progress.

Details left for discussion would be her 55 gallon freshwater capacity in six integral tanks along the rowing position, its weight to be replaced by sea water to maintain certain self-fighting capability; not that she could stay upside-down with that canopy in place anyway. And she has two 12v/97ah gel-cell batteries for radar detector/transponder duty, lights, CD-player, Rush Limbaugh lecture tapes, navigation equipment, or even satphone internet hook-up for life docudrama from the high seas, inversion-proof and properly secured in a dedicated bin also part of her self-righting capacity, weighing in at 71lbs each. After their initial full charge, both are to be kept running by two 36watt solar panels flush mounted on her fore and after decks.

Then there is her foot-operated rudder intended mostly for crosswind corrections and downwind running control, particularly when taking a rest from the oars; lifted

up in moderate conditions, it will keep wetted surface to that of the hull only. And there is the ingenious lunch hook in the form of her 12" wide transverse aluminum daggerboard dropping down some 18" at moment's thought, intended to allow her swing around it once oars are retracted for a brief rest period, munchy break or navigation chore, to make her immediately head into the wind and stay there with least resistance pushing her off course. No doubt only mildly useful in moderate conditions, bad weather would still require setting a drogue from her flush forward hatch. But retracted into a tightly fitted slot and lanyard operated from amidships the board will help in taking efficient regular breaks with least lost motion.

Finally, in keeping with solitary long-distance endeavors of her namesake, we've decided to call the design Hermes. Well report if and when any exploits are completed.

Upgraded plans for Design #585 on five sheets are available from us for US\$350 to build one boat.

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In late afternoon and failing wind I chose to anchor overnight in the middle of a wide, shallow side bay off the main harbour, so that I would be able to comfortably rotate right around my anchor, automatically positioning the boat to wind and tide direction. The tide in here hardly had a direction, it simply rose and fell. I would take the soft ground, in the middle of the night, for a couple of hours on either side of low water for some steady rest. During the evening it fell to a mirror calm and other boats that had gently sailed in the main bay were obliged to chug slowly home to the top of the estuary whilst still enjoying the wonderful sunshine well into the late evening. I shared it, too, and didn't go to bed until about 2245h when a faint air just dimpled the water.

From being deeply asleep in the darkness I was dreaming of waking up to a turbulent rocking, then I became aware of the noise of a violent wind. It was as if the sound was in a tunnel, remote and distant, but coming closer, rushing towards me. Suddenly, with a roar, it was here and I was in it. I was awake and opening my eyes to look around me at my tent cloth flexing and straining. The support poles were buckling under the shock of powerful gusts. I couldn't believe it. What was happening? Was this real weather? Was I awake? Everybody had said that there would be no wind, but they were very, very wrong. It was at least F5 and the boat was twisting and turning in the gusts.

This was serious. I lay trying to comprehend, flattening myself onto my bed and clutching my sleeping bag tightly around my neck. Where had this come from? I looked at my watch to see how long it would be before I found security by going down onto the mud and I was amazed to see that it was only 2345h. I had only been asleep for an hour. This was crazy.

I was immediately conscious of being on a small anchor that I had never tried before, on a light warp. My dinghy is small and I had been looking to save some of the excessive weight of my previous ground tackle, so I'd changed it. The wind was straight from the head of the bay. If my anchor dragged or the line failed I would go directly down the bay and out into the open sea. It was a frightening thought. It would happen quickly. I didn't want to think about it. What could I do? There was an overpowering desire to just lie still, clinging to warmth, hoping that it would all go away, subside, sort itself out, but it wasn't going to.

The boat was bucking as the waves gathered force due to quite a long clear fetch. If something broke, my only option was to try to row, but I was lightly clothed and in bed, the tent was up and the oars were tucked

With Great Britain's Dinghy Cruisers

Do You Wear Your Lifejacket in Bed?

By Paul Constantine
Reprinted from DCA Bulletin #202

(Paul discovers how vulnerable you can be while asleep in your bag and afloat)

away in the bilge. It would take me ages before I even got an oar in the water. The tent windage would sail me away very rapidly. What if the worst happened? I might go broadside in the bigger waves at sea with the chance of a capsize. Can I swim in a sleeping bag? I was scared. Imagine getting out of the bag inside the collapsed tent with the boat upside down on top of it and all the loose gear being hurled around as if it was in a washing machine, in freezing water, in the dark. It was no good lying in bed hoping that it wouldn't happen. I must start from now as if it HAD just happened. Even getting out of the bag might improve my chances.

It was cold when I got out, but I scrambled forward. The first thing that I did was to take the anchor warp from where it was secured to the wooden foredeck cleat and extend it to tie it around the base of the mast. The warp wasn't parcelled where it went through the bow fairlead and it was tricky to reach from inside the tent with bits of gear in the way. I wrapped my sunhat (as the first thing that came to hand) around the warp to do the best job possible and jammed it in the fairlead. Getting hold of the line I was encouraged that it wasn't bar-tight. Although it was thin it is supposed to have three-quarters of a ton of breaking strain and I guessed that it would be OK.

I had to find clothes, my oily trousers and boots, then buoyancy aid followed by oily jacket. As I struggled to put each one on I gradually warmed up and by the time I was kitted up I felt much less fear and more confidence because I knew that I was now personally less vulnerable. If I ended up in the water my chances were improved, but what else did I need? I put two torches in my pockets because I knew that I stood no chance of being found without them. I switched on my mobile phone and hoped that I'd be able to get a chance to dial 999 whilst holding it above water to give my position. Could I get a signal round here?

Before the worst happened I would probably have to try to row, so the first essential would be to get the tent down. I could rip the poles apart and break the Velcro bond but the operation that would take the longest time would be releasing shackles used to attach parts of the tent higher up the standing rigging. I realized that standard screw shackles would be far too slow. I needed the quick release of the captive-pin type, but even these can be tricky to line up in the dark. I made a mental note to change them if I survived. By mentally preparing for the worst and rehearsing courses of action I was increasing my readiness to deal with the shock of what might befall me. This has been shown to be an essential element in survival situations.

I now knew that I had to conserve as

much energy as possible whilst monitoring what was happening outside. The movement was great, the noise continuous, and I marvelled that the tent remained intact. I looked out of my windows to observe the lights on land, as they seemed to move back and forth due to the bucking and turning of the boat. I set up the oarlocks and readied the oars, then I lay down and chocked myself up to be able to see what was going on. The boat was holding steady so the anchor was OK, which was a relief. I began to wonder whether I would be able to free it from the mud in the morning as it was getting such a severe workout.

I thought that it was important to occupy my mind to divert my attention away from the unsettling noise, so I got out my little radio, put in the earphones and found a station. Any station would do, just to take my mind away from where I was. At random I found a station where they were reading a story, which was a more effective mental distraction, than just plain music. When the story finished they moved onto weather reports and then the shipping forecast. It was a relief to hear that nowhere was supposed to be getting the extreme weather that was just the thickness of tent fabric away from me, trying to get in. It had to be a local effect and therefore, I reasoned, it couldn't last.

In fact, although it remained strong it was becoming less gusty and more consistent. I began to relax, knowing that it could only be getting better. After another half an hour I felt that it would be all right to sleep again, and when I awoke an hour or so later we were in smooth water as it had ebbed to being very shallow. I took off the foul weather gear and scrambled back into my sleeping bag, knowing that the worst had passed.

It was a salutary lesson and brought home to me how vulnerable I could be relying on the strength of a single piece of anchor line and also how something as apparently unimportant as the type of shackle used on my tent might become the difference between safety and danger. I'm not a fan of all that "Health and Safety" stuff that often can intrude into our lives, but I had never done a serious risk assessment on being in bed, in a tent, on a small boat, in a rising gale with the open sea to leeward and my safety hanging on that single thread. I didn't expect to be there, in that place of danger, but that did not give me any protection. It might be said that I was unlucky, but sometimes you make your own luck.

I could take some simple steps to improve my chances should there be a next time, such as having the torch and mobile phone (VHF, etc) in the right place, by not burying the oars, and ALWAYS following the safest procedure for protecting, and securing to, the ground tackle. I suppose you could ask a few questions about your own actions. Has the weather ever been bad enough to make you ask the question, "Should I wear my life-jacket in bed?" One day, quite unexpectedly, you might find yourself there. If you do, will you be ready for the answer?

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Capsize One

On a calm morning on Ullswater I decided it was time to test capsizing *Jemima*, a home-built Selway Fisher Highlander 12 dinghy with built-in buoyancy under the side benches and in the bow. I capsized *Jemima* by standing on the gunwale. As she went over it was obvious to my observers that the stern was very low, but not to me, I was looking the other way. The boat settled nicely on its side with the water right along the centre line. It showed no tendency to invert. Righting was straightforward.

I was then greeted with a very unpleasant sight. There was an awful lot of water in the boat. She had about 1"-2" of freeboard at the transom and water was coming in through the top of the centreboard case. I slid in over the transom. Once I was back in, it was a toss-up between Ullswater coming over the transom or through the centerboard case. I opted for the latter and positioned myself next to the centre thwart. I bailed like a man possessed, using my cut-off rectangular 5lt petrol can with an approximate capacity of 4lt. Bailing took approximately ten minutes. After a short while it was obvious that the speed of bailing was not sustainable (maybe I was not frightened enough). As the level dropped it became hard to get a full bailer full. The last third took considerably longer than the first two-thirds to clear.

From rough calculations *Jemima* took approx 750lt on board. Using a 4lt bailer meant 187.5 strokes to empty the boat. If the time taken was ten minutes it would mean approx 3.2 seconds per stroke. All these figures are approximations. Another way of looking at it is shifting 3/4 ton in ten minutes.

After I had cleared *Jemima*, the realization hit me of what I had done by previously sailing an untested boat. I was not best pleased with myself.

Lessons Learnt from Capsize One

Assume nothing. I assumed my boat was OK; it absolutely was not! In anything but an absolute flat calm, in shallow water, I would have been in very, very serious trouble.

Reduce all areas where water can get in; e.g., find something to jam in the centerboard case to stem flow.

More buoyancy was needed.

Carry several different size bailers: 12lt bucket for fast water evacuation, 4lt petrol can bailer for when the bucket is of limited use, and a standard dinghy bailer for the last bits.

Carry test out again and again until confident with the result.

Photographic evidence has been very useful in enabling me to analyze the situation.

Capsize Two

After the above episode, I had to carry out a further test. I carried out two major simple modifications to *Jemima*. The first was adding 70ltrs of buoyancy in the stern under the aft bench in the form of a large chunk of polystyrene. The other was strapping two dry bags (32lts each) stuffed with air pillows under temporary benches, bridging the mid and fore thwarts. I also included several sizes of bailers; 12ltr bucket, my trusted sawn-off petrol can, and a standard dinghy bailer.

I capsized *Jemima*. As I swam round the stern I watched the centreboard disappear into its casing as she turned turtle. I got to the widest part of *Jemima* and climbed onto the rubbing strake and tried to right her. No movement. The centreboard was too far in

With Great Britain's Dinghy Cruisers

Over We Go

By Matthew Cunningham
Reprinted from *DCA Bulletin*#202

the case to get hold of. I swam round to the other side and chucked the jib sheet over the hull, got back onto the rubbing strake, and applied all my weight. After quite a bit of effort up she came. She sat much higher in the water. I looked inside the hull and saw a fraction of the water that was aboard after Capsize One. *Jemima* felt quite stable, so I boarded over the port quarter. I dropped jib and main and set to bailing out. After about five minutes she was dry and ready to go. A much more satisfactory outcome.

Lessons Learnt From Capsize Two

The extra buoyancy had two distinct effects:
Far less water on board (great)!

Making the boat turn turtle in one continuous motion (not great)!

If the centreboard hadn't gone back in I might have managed to catch it and right the boat before full inversion.

When I got ashore, I noticed that top 4" of the yard was covered in sticky muddy clay. Maybe the yard had stuck in the bottom and made righting it more difficult.

Mast head buoyancy might help prevent inverting or reduce the speed of inverting.

Bailers: I found the bucket of limited use as there was so little water onboard it was hard to get a proper scoop. The sawn-off petrol can has flat sides which enabled full scoops. The standard dinghy bailer was of very little use.

Overall Conclusion

Carrying out capsize drill is a necessity and quite good fun.

Act on the results and test again until satisfied with results.

Photographic record of the capsizings has been very useful, enabling plenty of analysis afterwards. Thanks to all those very patient witnesses.

Carry a 12lt bucket and a smaller square-shaped bailer of approx 4lt capacity.

The Highlander 12

Here is the Highlander 12 plan and elevation as they appear in the Selway Fisher catalogue. The following text accompanies the drawings. Readers may find these interesting in the light of Matthew's experiences

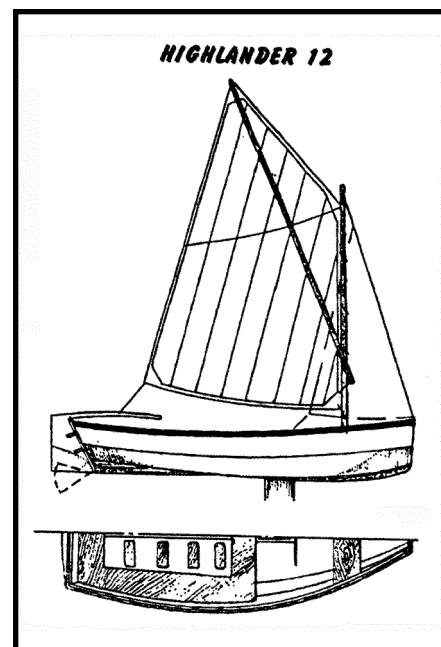
Using just four sheets of 1/4" ply, the 12' Highlander is a lot of boat for its material cost, and with its wide side benches and an easily handled sprit rig it is an ideal dinghy to teach children to sail or to simply potter about in.

With buoyancy fitted coastal dinghy cruising is a definite possibility with this boat. One of these dinghies has done sterling service as a fishing boat for a large teenage family and a tender for a yacht's stores and dog on the west coast of Scotland.

Long Island Boats used the Highlander 12 as a basis for their Privateer 12 which had the same hull, centreboard and rudder with a gaff rig with topsail and a short bowsprit

Other examples of the Highlander 12 have been adopted for fishing with cuddies and outboard wells.

LOA 12' (3.66m); Beam 5' (1.52m);
Approx Weight: 120lbs (54.4kg); Sail Area 70sf (6.51 sm).



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AND SAILMAKER

The launching ramp I use on the River Dee does not have a convenient spot for raising the sail on my Ness Boat and so I have to do it when afloat. As this evolution used to have problems I would normally row up the river until out of sight of the bank spectators, taking away a bit of their afternoon fun but making me feel more relaxed ... well, sort of!

My sail is a balanced lug and in theory raising it should present no problem. However, in the past the boat thought differently. I would row into the wind and then go forward and start to haul on the main halyard to raise the yard. All would go well until it was halfway up the mast and then all hell would let loose. The boat would instantly turn through 90°, the half-raised sail would fill and blow round to smother me and at the same time the yard would jam the halyard against the mast. The boat would take off on a broad reach and in a matter of a moment, a shower of twigs and leaves followed by a judder of the centreboard shooting up plus a sudden stop in the forward motion indicated that I was embedded in the river bank. The trees cut off the wind, enabling me to unwrap the sail and sort myself out, then by tying a line to one of the branches, I could re-rig and get underway in a more controlled fashion.

But why did it happen? In my old age, my grey cells need a little prompting and it was only after several of these events that I twigged (no pun intended), what was happening. As soon as I started to raise the sail, the windage was sufficient to start pushing the boat back-

Since my wife and I mostly use our powerboat, a majority of my items for this column are on the "joys" of such ownership. Friends of ours are on a world cruise that has been stymied off Mexico because of a propulsion problem. About a quarter of the way to Hilo, a mechanical problem developed and they elected to turn and run over 600 miles to Ensenada, Mexico, for repairs rather than continue the roughly 1,900 remaining miles to Hilo.

Being conscientious people, they check the entire vessel every day and the engine room is checked when they change places at the helm. One such check of the engine room resulted in the observation of a strong "hot rubber" smell in the engine room. As with all "strange" odors in an engine space, further checking was needed. What was discovered was that the port side stuffing housing was too hot to touch. Steam was being blown from between the ceramic and stainless disks of the dripless stuffing system. Normal operating temperature for this equipment is no more than a few degrees above the ambient sea water temperature. The seal between the ceramic disk and the stainless disk is water lubricated, but the water supply did not appear to be interrupted and the heat seemed to originate from the bronze housing and not the ceramic seal.

After a careful survey of the port engine (and all its parts), the owner found that one of the four mounting blocks had a loose adjustment nut on a rear mounting block. This caused the rear of the engine to drop an inch or so which allowed the stainless steel propeller shaft turning at 750 rpm to rub directly onto the bronze stuffing housing thereby creating tremendous heat. Being in the middle of nowhere, so to speak, the owner carefully adjusted the alignment and retightened the nut on the mounting block. At that point, they decided to head for Ensenada so that everything could be checked out and the boat pulled if necessary to check for outside damage.

The above story gets me wondering about how often I actually look into the engine space when our boat is underway. After all, I have all

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Tiller Taming

By Mike Hinsley

Reprinted from *DCA Bulletin* #197

wards. The rudder would swing hard over and the boat would pivot about it, pick up the wind and the rest is history! The next question was how to prevent it happening again.

Obviously the rudder needed to be held in check while raising sail but free to move as soon as getting under way, so I decided to try "tiller tamer", a gizmo I had used on a Hunter sailboat I once owned, though admittedly with only marginal success. This is an adjustable rope clamp that is screwed to the tiller with lines going to cleats on the gunwales. By adjusting the tension, in theory the tiller can be held in one position until pushed one way or the other, so it was worth a try.

Duly fixed with the rope ends secured to two small brass cleats I gave it a try at the next launching. Well, at least the sail was raised without exploring the bank but the tension on the device tended to be too much or too little and it was a finger catcher, so it was removed and replaced

by a simple line to the cleats with a round turn round the tiller. This was more effective and easy to adjust and remove, but not perfect, however, so I set my mind to design a simple and effective method of rudder control, easy to fix, with flexibility of control and easy to remove. Here for you fellow sufferers is my solution.

Keeping the cleats on the gunwales, I made a wooden cleat and attached this to the underside of the tiller on the radius of the brass ones. The distance between the two cleats was measured and a piece of bungee cord was cut to this length allowing sufficient for whipped eyes at either end. With these hooked over the cleats, it was then stretched over the cleat on the tiller and I now had a "tiller tamer". The tension of the rubber was sufficient to hold the tiller in place when left unattended but gave little resistance to movement when sailing normally. To disconnect I simply unhook the tiller cleat. This system has now stood me in good stead for two seasons as my "third hand" and of course it is inexpensive to boot!

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From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

those engine gauges to show me if something is wrong with the engine, but not one gauge to tell me anything about the propeller shaft, the packing gland, etc. I think I will be lifting the engine box and looking at things more often.

Run the boat, navigate the boat, and communicate when necessary. All this sounds obvious until things start to go wrong. What sometimes happens is that people get distracted by "little things" and forget about the "major things." I found a car in a ditch one time with two people standing by the side of the road. I stopped to see if I could help (I have a tow chain in each of my vehicles) and was informed they had called for a wrecker. The driver got distracted while trying to change the tape player while driving the car. Friends in law enforcement say that people have a tendency to steer their vehicles in the direction they are looking (toward the tape player in this case). Thus, when a driver sees a wreck (or other distraction) at the side of the road, looking at the occurrence also moves his vehicle in that direction.

On the water in either a power or sail propelled craft, distractions can also result in the craft going off course. Most single-shaft powerboats have a torque factor that moves the boat in a direction other than straight ahead when the helm is released. Sailboats have, if they are designed and rigged properly, a weather helm that takes over when the tiller (wheel) is released. Thus, when the helm operator is distracted, the boat may not continue to go in the desired direction.

Navigation of a watercraft involves two dimensions (and a sailboat can add a third dimension). The first is what is around you. The second

is what is under the keel. The third (for sailboat) is what is overhead. If you are distracted while navigating the boat, you may run into something (or be run into by another boat), you may run the boat aground, or you may hit something overhead with the mast. Probably the easiest time to hit something (or be hit) is at night. Depth perception becomes tricky at night when things may appear further away than they are. If you are coming in a channel with all the lights on shore, finding the next mark may require slow speed, a careful lookout, and quick reactions. Reliance on the GPS (or its precursor, LORAN-C) could put the boat aground or against a marker quite easily. I remember a sailboat that had a well-scraped starboard side. The crew had carefully navigated the boat in reduced visibility to the outer marker. Their navigation was good enough that they almost ran into the marker. A quick change in direction resulted in a glancing blow with the mark, but there was a lot of work to redo the side of the boat.

On the water, communication is usually by VHF. Before VHF became affordable a lot of boats were equipped with CB. Granted, the channel could be crowded at times, but someone was usually listening. One of our boats was equipped with CB, VHF, and LORAN-C. The antennas on the hardtop made it look like a command boat for some kind of fleet activity. Today, in most cases, we have various configurations of VHF and the cell phone. I know some people with satellite phones, but they are the exceptions. My CB has been set up as a PA system (it makes a good one) and the LORAN gear is in storage (I do have a couple of good CB antennas in storage if anyone is interested). While one local marina has a VHF base station, communication is usually by cell phone. The dock person on duty has the phone with the marina's number clipped to their belt. I call the marina, I get them. If I call in by VHF, I get the store, and if I need fuel, water, or dock space, they have to tell the person managing the dock operations. The cell phone is quicker.



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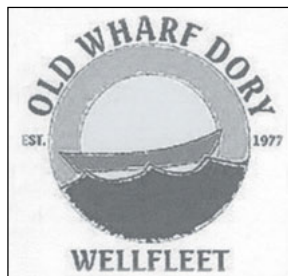
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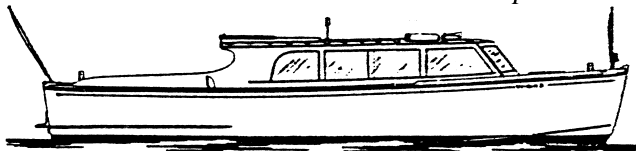
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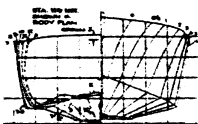
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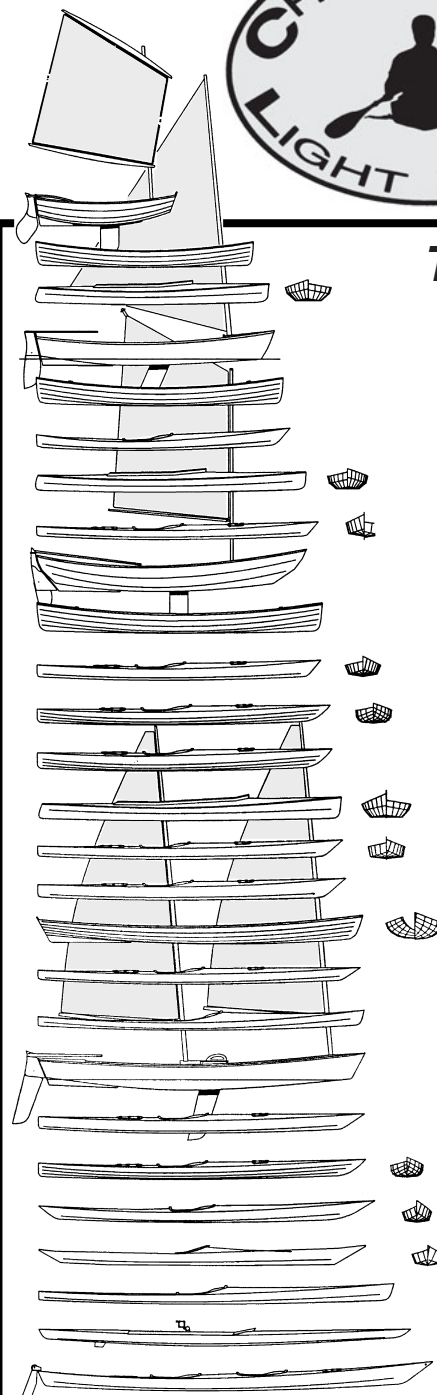
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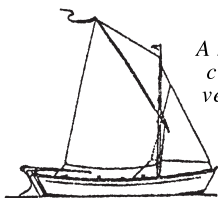
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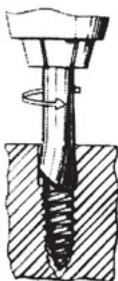
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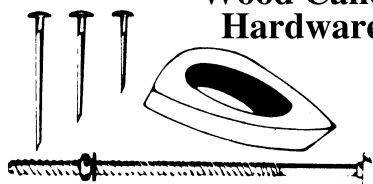
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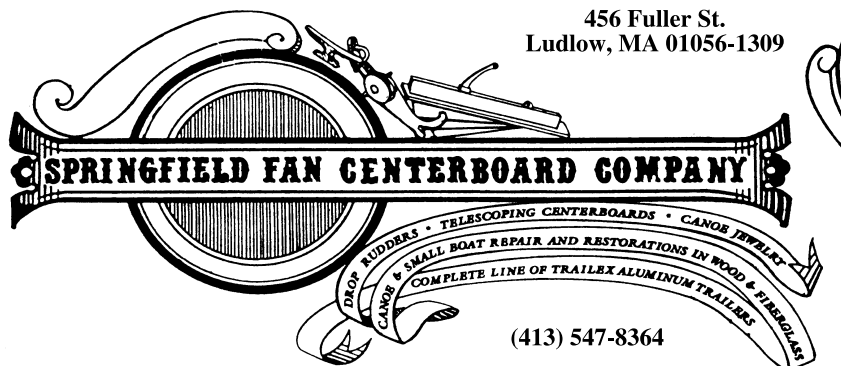
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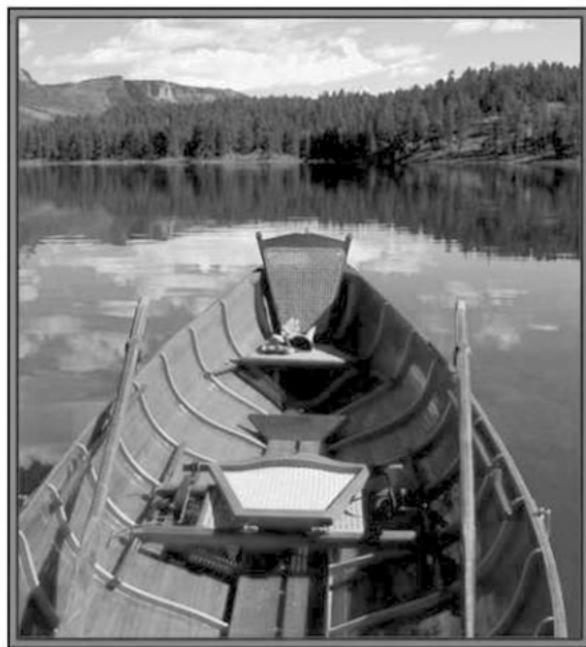
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Jim Peden is the editor of Green Mountain Mensa. He is also the owner of one of our 15ft Kevlar guideboats. We gave it to him a few years back in trade/appreciation for the endless help he has given us with our website. It wasn't exactly that he designed the website...more accurately, he catches our bone-headed mistakes and fixes them for us.

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Thank you, Jim

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